

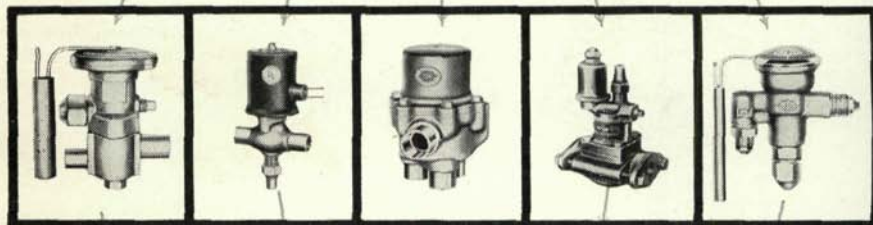
MERCURY

TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH

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Tom Anderson, Editor of FARM and RANCH magazine, writing on inflation in the November 1958 issue had this to say:

"Once Pandora's inflation box has been opened, it becomes a compulsive habit to open it again and again—to spend our way out of depression, to guarantee 'prosperity,' to wage war, to wage peace, to maintain "full employment," to provide "welfare," to play Santa Claus to the world . . . Pressure groups for veterans, farmers, housing, dams, welfare, labor, roads, irrigation, reclamation . . . are wielding an evil and cancerous power which is destroying your nation and mine.

The cure is rough—but the disease is fatal. Let's take the cure! The job will be half done when we the people want it and demand it—loudly and unmistakably."

Tom Anderson's main objective is to promote vigorously and fearlessly those ideas and conviction which to him are *for the good of all*. He is unashamedly for America *first*, believing that the interest of all the people should come before any section, class or party.

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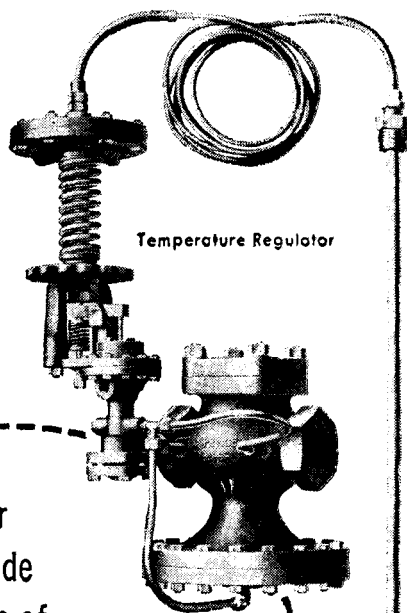
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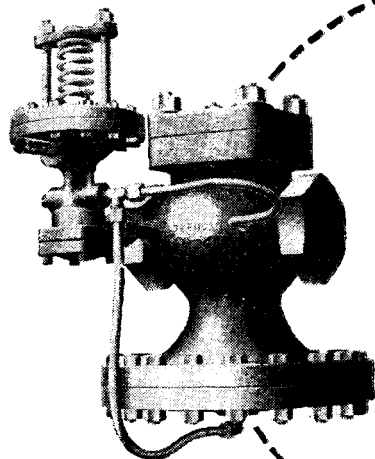
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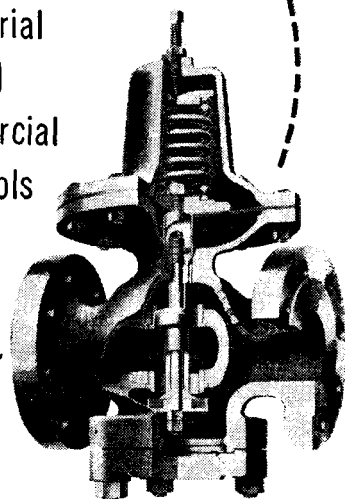


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TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUTH
MARCH 1959 VOLUME LXXXVIII NO. 422

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Mercury Memos

Present day advertisers who rely on the "small print" pitch are taken to task in Allen Amenta's SHARP ADS AND KEENER SIGHT. At one time a reporter for the *Hartford Courant*, Mr. Amenta became aware of this off-beat advertising technique in his present position as editor for an educational publishing house. Considering humor and satire his forte, he has contributed to *The American Home*, *Playboy*, *The Writer*, *Writer's Digest* and *Connecticut Circle* magazines. With his father, a jazz musician of the twenties, he composes popular songs, which he says, "are neither rock 'n roll, nor taken very seriously."

Steve Libby, in spotlighting the achievements of The Folger Shakespeare Library, which gathers material dealing with English civilization, has come across many of our so-called new motivation techniques which date back to the days when England was persuading her colonies "you-ought-to-buy now." Mr. Libby's writing career stems from his public relations positions with Young & Rubicam, Communication Counselors and as publicity manager for Fred Waring. He has recently written for the *Christian Science Monitor*, King Features Syndicate, Central Press Assoc. and the NEA Service.

And while in a publicity vein, we might say the Devil gets his due this month with two articles dealing with "related offspring."

While an assistant professor of journalism at East Texas State, Otha Spencer became interested in some unwelcome residents of Commerce, Texas—the scorpions. In NATURE'S DEVIL, he has compiled an

informative study of their peculiar habits and habitats (for those unaware of the scorpion's bothersome existence).

Dealing with another type of pest with peculiar habits and habitats, Father Ginder, editor of *The Priest* and associate editor of *Our Sunday Visitor*, in *DEVIL'S EMPIRE* voices a churchman's opinion on the effect the recent Kremlin zigzag tactics will have on tomorrow's headlines.

Writing news headlines before they happen is right up George Schuyler's alley as associate editor of the *Pittsburg Courier*, largest Negro weekly newspaper in the world, and chief of that paper's New York bureau. Recently returned from a trip to Africa as a guest of the High Commissioner of French West Africa, Mr. Schuyler by-lined a series of articles dealing with the rising Soviet interests in the area and the Kremlin's friendly overtones to radical African nationalism groups. His present article *KHRUSHCHEV'S AFRICAN FOOTHOLD*, analyzes the time-bomb political situation in the newly formed nations of Ghana and Guinea and warns that this new wave of left-tainted leadership, disguised under a rallying banner of African nationalism, could get out of hand in the coming months.

On the subject of first hand knowledge of Soviet ideological infiltration: in 1941, when few government officials realized the postwar threat of our Russian allies, the FBI requested the son of an Austrian immigrant to join the Communist Party and secure data of their front movements. In the ensuing nine years, Matt Cvetic, a native of Pittsburgh, successfully infiltrated the Party and was assigned to its Professional Branch. In 1950, Mr. Cvetic's counter-infiltration role was revealed during testimony before a Congressional Committee headed by Rep. Walter (D. Pa.). His article *THE MENTAL HEALTH GOLDBRICK* deals with the present-day confusion Communist conspirators are spreading in our Social, Health and Welfare agencies.

Mrs. Gene Birkeland, California chairman of the Minute Women of America, has also been concerned with the workings of our social, health and welfare agencies, especially those which deal with mental health and our younger generation. Her article, *DELIVER US FROM EVIL*, tells of the psychological revolution in social values which influences today's teenagers in their violent quest for maturity.



HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS ALCOHOLIC

by Irene Corbally Kuhn

the man, not the alcohol, is the problem

ALCOHOLISM isn't a disease; it's a vice.

The man who says so, unqualifiedly, ought to know. He's been through the mill.

Vincent Tracy is a big, handsome man in his late forties, the typical country squire of the 300 acres he owns in the Helderberg Mountains, 17 miles south of Albany, N. Y. He wears expensive tweeds and fine leather brogues, and he enjoys good food, cigarettes, the comforts of life. He has a beautiful wife and two little girls.

Yet only ten years ago he was an alcoholic derelict sleeping in the dark, smelly doorways of the Bowery, New York City's Skid Row, living from one drink to the next on the dimes he was able to panhandle.

Vincent Tracy's seamed, craggy face is full of tell-tale lines, a veritable road map of the hell he went

through in 23 years of hard drinking which put him in hospitals and institutions 26 times. It is in his eyes that one finds the clue to the man who fought his way back from physical and moral degradation. They are full of understanding and compassion, yet they are shrewd, penetrating and wise. When Vincent Tracy looks into another man's eyes he knows if he's lying; when the man looks back into his, he knows Tracy knows. But he also knows Tracy isn't going to hold it against him, even though he won't let him get away with it.

For those acres south of Albany, in the pretty valley known as Coeyman's Hollow, are the refuge today of other alcoholics who have been handed an ultimatum by their doctors—"It's Tracy Farms or the cemetery."

The story of Vincent Tracy and his human salvage project is a thrill-

ing reminder that man is capable of tremendous achievements if he puts enough on himself to meet demands that seem impossible.

Vincent Tracy came from a good, solid family. He had an excellent upbringing and education. He began to drink at 14, while he was in high school; and he kept drinking through college, while he was in law school, and during the brilliant business career he finally abandoned because, he says candidly, "Work was interfering with my drinking."

The years of his young manhood and into his thirties were full of lost weekends, lost months, lost years. He left a Madison Avenue bar in New York one afternoon and woke up in Florida. He didn't get off that binge for six months and what he did in between is anybody's guess. He doesn't remember much of that half-year.

THROUGH all this he alienated everyone save his mother and his brother, a Roman Catholic priest—and the girl who loved him. Even she gave up in despair, finally, because her love couldn't get through to him any more, and the real love she knew he had for her wasn't as strong as his passion for liquor.

It was then that he slid right off the deep end and onto the Bowery.

He was there for 18 sodden, tortured months, panhandling the price of drinks to keep him going.

In the brief interludes of shaking sobriety he kept doggedly searching for the answer to why he drank. Some part of his mind told him if he could ever find the reason he might be able to help himself.

On Christmas Eve, 1946, he tried suicide, for the second time. He failed again. He just couldn't summon up the will to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge although he'd dragged himself to the middle of the span where the river runs deepest below.

He spent the night in the subway riding back and forth. Christmas morning he was back in a Bowery flophouse.

It went on like this until one summer day in 1948. He cannot say what it was that struck him as he shambled into a bar and ordered a beer with a coin he'd begged off a passerby. He just suddenly decided not to take the drink.

When he pushed it away from him and fled out into the street, he'd done the one thing he believes saved him. He'd exercised his free will, making a decision *not* to drink, when he wanted that drink more than anything in the world.

He realized at last that alcohol was not his problem; he, Vincent Tracy, was his problem. Long days of soul searching followed his recognition that the causes of his excessive drinking were wrong moral values and character defects. He would have to fight and conquer these first; and when he had licked

these he'd have licked alcohol.

This, of course, is an old-fashioned approach to the matter. It has become fashionable to blame everything on persons, forces and circumstances outside oneself; to excuse, to blame wrong-doing on one's mother, or father, or one's mate or the fact one is unmated; on anything and anybody, in fact, except on the willful determination to indulge oneself.

VINCENT TRACY, at his worst, had always been stubbornly honest. He was willing now to admit that he had indulged himself; he had drunk excessively to ease his conscience and cover up all the character defects he now exposed to his own merciless gaze.

He knew, too, what he had to do. He determined to replace each fault with a virtue; to put iron into his putty spine. And he acknowledged with unaccustomed humility that he couldn't do this alone. He needed God's help. He prayed for strength to be a man again, and be able to accept responsibility like a man.

In his new phase he realized he had two immediate goals: to get back into business and to help others.

He started slowly and stuck to his guns. He made his peace with God, then with his family and the woman he loved, who had told him she'd be waiting if he ever licked alcohol. She was. They were mar-

ried on December 23, 1948, four months after he found his answer in the glass he didn't drain.

Then with his wife, Heddie, Vincent Tracy began to reach for his second goal: helping others.

At first this was done without plan, just as accident or fate determined. But when Vincent Tracy's oldest, closest friend died of alcoholism, alone in a gutter, with a battered skull, Tracy gave up his job and moved into a big apartment where he could work with alcoholics, try his proved formula on them.

For three years the Tracys worked in New York City and then, as they realized they had found a method that worked for other men and women who had been adjudged hopeless alcoholics, they took a long step. They moved to the country and established the refuge which has become known as Tracy Farms and, with the addition last year of a new building where alcoholics are treated free of charge, the Tracy Foundation.

The Foundation sits on a little rise fronting the Helderberg mountains. It is on a country road which winds down and around to where the white painted buildings of Tracy Farms stand amid apple and cherry trees and old lilac bushes.

A home-like atmosphere is the keynote of the place which could be the country home of anyone of the guests. There are usually 30 of them in residence, and they come from all over the country, and from

every calling and profession. Recent guests included a pretty woman, a Chicago socialite; another woman who owns a New Jersey bar and grill. A third was a beautiful widow, a "graduate" of the course, now earning her living helping run Tracy Farms.

AMONG THE MEN were a Catholic priest who had been a much-decorated colonel in Korea; a celebrated surgeon; a political boss; a 22-year-old clerk; a celebrated lawyer with two Harvard degrees; the 55-year-old doorman of a Park Avenue apartment house; an oil man from Texas; a young manufacturer from the South.

It is a thrilling experience to see men and women fight to recover strength of character to resist an acknowledged vice. In a weekend recently at Tracy Farms, I talked to half a dozen who were "graduating" from the course in self-discipline.

They were eager to talk about their experience; to praise the realistic yet understanding and sympathetic program at Tracy Farms. There are no barred windows, no locks. Men and women come and go freely in their own cars. Nobody asks them where they're going or what time they're coming back. The honor system prevails here. And it works.

Tracy likes to put two women in a room, and two men together.

"They're all in bad shape when

they get here," he says, "and it's better for them not to be alone."

There is only one rule of conduct.

"You are all my guests here," Tracy tells them, "and I expect you to act as such before my wife, my children, the servants, and the other guests."

Since 1951, when the Tracys moved to the country, Vincent Tracy has treated upwards of 500 men and women and no one has violated the rules during the ten weeks' minimum recommended time that guests remain at the Farm. Most of them require a month to get into shape. They must be in good physical condition in order to cope with the harder job of converting flabby wills and undisciplined minds into instruments of moral responsibility and strength.

The key to the program lies in the hour's session every day when everyone gathers in the big comfortable living room and settles down in leather chairs with cigarettes and pipes to listen to Tracy.

They listen with quiet concentration to the man who mercilessly reviews his own lost years and exposes his terrible weaknesses and vices. Patiently, and with the humility of a truly great soul, he fights the fight with them.

It is not a sermon he preaches; anything but. He laces his talk with salty and pungent anecdotes and tough words. And he has recourse to the inspired words of

great men to illuminate the dark stretches of his discourse.

He makes frequent reference to three objects on the mantle over the big fireplace: they are symbols which are all too familiar to everyone there. One is a little bowl. It is as empty as the soul of the patient when he comes first to Tracy Farms, empty of moral values, all the precious rights men and women surrender when they become excessive drinkers.

"When you empty this," Tracy says, fingering it, "and pick up this substitute"—he touches a cocktail glass—"and then accept drink as a substitute for the right to be a decent man or a good woman, with all that implies, you are headed straight for this."

"This" is a little brown jug, symbolic of the alcoholic's vice, the jug which only the alcoholic himself can break.

For, as Tracy says and reiterates, over and over and over, "It isn't alcohol that's the problem; the problem is man himself."

Only a few graduates of Tracy Farms have backslid. These few came back and were successful on their second try.

No one comes to Tracy Farms eagerly, but they all leave reluctantly, as one would leave a place where a miracle had occurred. For all of them, sobriety is the miracle. That, and the knowledge they preferred it to intoxication which, such a short while before, had been all their life.

Identification Please

Dogtags became standard issue in the United States Armed Forces after the Battle of Fredricksburg in 1863. General Ambrose E. Burnside faced Barksdale's Mississippians lying strongly entrenched behind the now-infamous Stone Wall; and because he could think of nothing better to do, Burnside ordered his regiments into a suicidal frontal assault up the exposed slope.

Burnside's troops expressed silent criticism of his decision by printing their names, addresses, and next of kin on handkerchiefs and pinning them on the *back* of their jackets. The dogtag was unheard of; but when infantry troops spontaneously provided their own, the Army reasoned it was about time its generals exercised more ingenuity. If not, the Army could at least provide proper identification for its casualties.

Popular opinion was that the identification discs later issued to every U.S. serviceman were dubbed "dogtags" because of their obvious similarity to a dog license; however, the reference to soldiers as "dogs," "doggies," or "dog-fee" dates back to the Army's early war with the Apache Indians. The Apaches called their warriors Dog Soldiers, and the term was soon applied to every cavalryman on the frontier. These frontier veterans carried the term with them into the Civil War where it found the fertile ground of Army slang, and with a few variations has since become a synonym for the American soldier.

A TRANSFER OF FUNDS

by Eugene Castle

WHEN THE CONGRESS responded again to the urgent pleas of President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and voted new billions for Mutual Security, it assumed that these vast sums would be used exclusively to safeguard the United States from the menace of world Communism.

The Congress and 175,000,000 American taxpayers, were unaware of the fact that the funds demanded to defend our country against world Communism would be utilized, in part, to promote "cultural exchange" with the Soviet Union.

Now it has been revealed that, with the approval of the President, \$3,600,000 of Mutual Security funds have been "transferred" to finance the building of an American exhibit in Sokolniki Park, in the heart of Moscow. This exhibit is to open on July 4, 1959. It is, perhaps, a strange coincidence that the U.S. Department of Commerce spent exactly this amount to produce U.S. Trade

Fairs in not one but 18 different locations throughout the world last year!

However, Mr. George V. Allen, the fourth chief press agent to head the United States Information Agency since Mr. Eisenhower became President, was selected for his present post chiefly because the White House urgently needed a skillful "fund promoter" to confront hostile and suspicious Congressional Appropriations Committees.

According to Congressman Otto Passman (D. Louisiana), Mr. Allen tried to obtain \$7,200,000 for the forthcoming Moscow jamboree to be charged in full to the American taxpayers. But, Assistant Secretary of State Christian Herter, who usually responds to White House demands, would not go along with this excessive request and all too obvious "open handed" switch of Mutual Security Funds. Mr. Herter firmly rejected USIA Director Al-

len's \$7,200,000 demand, backed by the power and prestige of the White House, and the State Department official insisted that the taxpayers could not be imposed upon for more than \$3,600,000 to bring the American way of life to all the "free" citizens in the very heart of Godless Russia.

Also, it should be recalled that *100,000 of these very same Soviet citizens stormed the American Embassy in Moscow several months ago* and broke every window in our diplomatic establishment in the Red Capital. Many of these same citizens are likely to be our "guests" in Sokolniki Park next July.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the staging of the American exhibit in Moscow, the Soviets will stage a similar fair in New York. An eight man delegation, headed by Deputy Trade Minister I. G. Bashahov, left Moscow, November 29, to complete plans here for the presentation of a favorable picture of the "abundant" and peaceful Soviet way of life. *The Soviets, however, are not building an exhibition hall* but will lease two floors of the Coliseum in Columbus Circle, New York.

Most of the \$3,600,000 to be expended for this newest "cultural relations" project in Moscow will be utilized to pay for the building to house the exhibits. At the close of the fair's six week run, the Soviets will get the building (paid for by the American taxpayers) at a price

which will only represent a fraction of the construction cost. Provision for the Russian acquisition of the building was concluded in Washington, D.C., November 9, but no purchase price was mentioned in the agreement. Undersecretary of State William S. B. Lacey, who was originally responsible for the consummation of the now highly questionable "Cultural Exchange" agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union, finalized January 27, 1958, was the first to report that the American exhibition hall will go to Russia and at a price that they will determine. It is possible, too, that this newest multimillion dollar "cultural spree" may, in the end, prove to be *the wrong exhibit, in the wrong country to the wrong people at the wrong time*. This is so because, on November 10, Khrushchev announced to the world from Moscow that the "deadline"—for the United States, British and French forces to leave West Berlin—would be about July 1, 1959. Three days later, on July 4, 1959, the U.S. Government-sponsored fair is scheduled to begin a six-week run in Moscow!

A staunch foe of our government's mutual security and cultural excesses, Congressman Passman, has challenged the improper use of Mutual Security funds to promote Russia, rather than to defend the United States, as Congress intended. Mr. Passman, a member of the House Appropriations Committee,

in a letter to C. Douglas Dillon, Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs, protested against "dillydallying" with funds in a manner not intended by Congress.

Mr. Dillon, replying to the Congressman's protest, contended that construction funds had to be committed now and that there was no time to go before Congress to request an "extra" or supplemental appropriation to cover the Moscow fair.

MR. DILLON is now the principal White House proponent for an additional billion dollars, over last year's appropriation, for the new foreign aid budget to be presented to Congress in January. He stated that the only money immediately available for this project is \$300,000, left over from the 1957 appropriation for an American exhibit in Gorki Park, Moscow, a previous cultural exchange project, which failed to materialize.

"In view of the impossibility of securing supplemental funds through the normal appropriation

procedures," Undersecretary Dillon stated, "the Executive branch proposes to utilize the authority of Section 451 of the Mutual Security Act of 1954 as amended, to finance the cost.

"This use of Mutual Security Funds, while entirely appropriate under the above cited authority, is considered to be exceptional. We do not have any additional plans for such financing of similar programs, and it would be our intention to continue to finance exhibitions under the appropriations for the President's special international program."

Undersecretary C. Douglas Dillon did not mention the fact that the \$3,600,000 for the Moscow fair was transferred from the Mutual Security Fund almost at the same hour that President Eisenhower issued a stern directive to all government Department Heads ordering them to cut their respective budget requests to the bone because of the serious inflationary dangers resulting from the \$12 billion deficit now confronting the nation.

The Foundation High Command

A stereotyped bureaucracy has developed among the major foundations and their satellite organizations. It has common ideas both as to concepts of responsibility and business affairs. The ideas and concepts of this bureaucracy are based heavily on the assumption of a cultural lag—the need to adjust law, values, and human affairs in general to a tempo dictated by our rapid technological progress. The adoption of this interpretation of society, somewhat related to Marx's economic determinism, impels its believers to strive for permanent and continual revolution, a position not too easy to differentiate from the materialistic concept of history.

— René A. Wormser, *Foundations: Their Power and Influence*, p. 81.

TOMBSTONES for TREES

by Ruth Louise Johnson

A WOMAN with a bouquet of flowers approached what looked like a small tombstone in Tower Grove Park, St. Louis. She placed the flowers at the base of the monument and went away. Curious spectators looked at the weathered stone. On it they saw the word "Oak," the name "Eliza Hoole," and the date "1882."

These people probably thought this was the grave of some forgotten person. But not so. Most Americans have heard of Shaw's Garden, opened to the public 100 years ago, but few know that Henry Shaw marked with small monuments places where trees were planted by persons of whom he was fond.

Eliza Hoole was a cousin from England who visited him in 1882 and planted an oak tree here. Tower Grove Park was a part of Shaw's estate, which he later presented to the city of St. Louis.

Henry Shaw was also a lover of Shakespeare. In 1880, Adelaide Neilson, famous English actress, considered the greatest "Juliet" of her time, was entertained at Shaw's home. Shaw had erected a large

statue of Shakespeare in the park and Miss Neilson promised him that when she returned to England she would send him a slip from the Shakespeare mulberry tree to be planted near the statue. But Miss Neilson died before she reached England. So Henry Shaw took a slip from a mulberry tree in his own garden and planted it at the spot she had chosen. Beside the tree is a marker with Miss Neilson's name and the date "March 25, 1880."

Another of the stones is in memory of an elm tree, planted by General Philip S. Sheridan in 1880. There is also a stone dated 1860, with an almost obliterated name on it and a large flat stone marked "H.S. 1883." The only person buried in the garden is Henry Shaw.

Shaw died in 1889, but the custom of having Shakespearean actors and actresses plant trees has continued. Near the mulberry tree is another stone with the words: "This English Elm was planted by Olga Nethersole during her professional visit to the City of St. Louis in March AD 1899." Among recent tree planters in the park were Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans.

EVERYBODY'S

*Doctors and scientists are showing increased
tiny pill devoured by Americans at the rate*

by T. F. James

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IF A MODERN SCIENTIST suddenly announced that he had found a drug which could, among other things, lower fever, relieve pain, operate as a mild sedative, improve the circulation, markedly reduce the crippling effects of arthritis, prevent kidney stones, relieve sunstroke, cure trichinosis, and control rheumatic fever and diabetes, even the most sophisticated citizen of the twentieth century would gasp with astonishment. More astonishing is the fact that this wonder drug has been in existence for 105 years and is undoubtedly residing in your medicine cabinet at this very moment. Its name—aspirin.

Your instinctive reaction to these remarks is, of course, an unbelieving scoff.

There is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the nation who is not familiar with aspirin. Last year Americans gulped between 15 and 16 billion of the little white tablets, or about 44 million every 24 hours. But, by the peculiar logic of us humans, this vast familiarity has bred a mild contempt. In the era of penicillin and Salk vaccine, old Dr. Aspirin has been relegated to a Model-T status in the popular mind; ask the average man what it is good for and he will answer headaches, colds and not much else.

Until five years ago, the medical profession itself was prone to take aspirin pretty much for granted. It was extremely useful in lowering fever and relieving mild pain, they conceded, but it did not cure in the

WONDER DRUG

interest in the countless cures and benefits attributed to this of 500 a second, to the tune of \$48 million annually.

lightning-quick style of the sulfa drugs, or guarantee immunity like the vaccines. In the one disease, arthritis, in which it seemed to play a mildly curative role, the proponents of cortisone and ACTH had already relegated it to limbo.

But none of the wonder drugs, even penicillin, turned out to be all they seemed in the optimistic first blush of introduction. Cortisone and ACTH do not cure arthritis, they only control it; and they have alarming side-effects when not administered with extreme caution. Penicillin and the sulfas are specifics against certain diseases, such as pneumonia, but they are next to useless when used against others, such as influenza and the common cold. Overuse, moreover, tends to build up a person's immunity to them and weaken their effectiveness in a major medical emergency. These antibiotics also have a high incidence of allergic reactions: ten per cent for penicillin in one study.

Realizing the negative aspects of the wonder drugs, more and more doctors began to have second thoughts about, and take second looks at, old reliable aspirin. For one thing, it is probably the world's safest drug. Allergic reactions are extremely rare. Suicide, although possible, is difficult to accomplish with less than 90 or more tablets. In treating colds, grippe, and influenza, where the antibiotics are all but useless, it rapidly became once more the "drug of choice." In a clinical study of two groups of patients with colds, one group taking antibiotics, the other aspirin, it was revealed that the aspirin takers not only recovered more rapidly, but, thanks to aspirin's ability to relieve the minor aches and pains usually accompanying a cold, were more comfortable during the course of the illness.

In England, where cortisone and ACTH received a much cooler reception among arthritis specialists, the Empire Rheumatism Coun-

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cil sponsored a special study to compare aspirin and the new wonder drugs in tests on a carefully selected group of 100 patients. The results of the three-year test were reported last year by Dr. Frank D. Hart and Dr. E. G. L. Bywaters at the International Congress on Rheumatic Diseases. Their conclusion: aspirin is just as effective as cortisone in the long-term treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, and produces fewer side-reactions.

But this is only the beginning of the aspirin revival story. In the treatment of rheumatic fever two British doctors announced last year that aspirin "does more than relieve" the acute symptoms of this disease, which attacks over twenty thousand children and adults in this country annually. Previously, a joint British-American medical study group had reached the same conclusions as had the arthritis specialists: aspirin is just as effective as cortisone and ACTH in the "symptomatic" treatment of rheumatic fever. But this was basically an external observation: aspirin relieved pain and lowered fever as efficiently as the wonder drugs, and also seemed to prevent recurrent attacks as well. Now, Dr. James Reid and Dr. D. H. Sproull of the Medical Research Council, Western Infirmary, Glasgow, reported "definite evidence" that the old-fashioned remedy also attacked "the fundamental disease process." They based their conclusions on aspirin's

"remarkable" effect on plasma fibrinogen concentrations in the bloodstream. Fibrinogen is a soluble protein in blood plasma, which plays an important role in clotting. In rheumatic fever sufferers, there is an abnormally high concentration of plasma fibrinogen. This report stated that aspirin, given in massive doses (15 to 25 tablets a day) to 33 patients, revealed an amazing ability to dissipate the fibrinogen concentrations "rapidly, and with remarkable uniformity." When aspirin was discontinued, six patients relapsed. The plasma fibrinogen rose simultaneously, "but reverted to normal after a second course of aspirin."

EVEN MORE STARTLING was a report from Dr. James Reid and Dr. A. I. MacDougall, published around the same time in the *British Medical Journal*. While treating a young rheumatic fever victim with aspirin therapy, they discovered that the boy also had diabetes. But the diabetes was not deteriorating, although the lad was receiving no insulin. What could possibly be holding it in check? Aspirin? Excitedly the doctors began experiments on seven other diabetics, withdrawing the standard insulin and administering larger doses of aspirin. To their amazement, the aspirin controlled the diabetes as well as insulin did.

At present, of course, doctors are cautious about aspirin's usefulness

in diabetes. But in March of this year, the Canadian Medical Association *Journal* declared that there are sound reasons to believe that aspirin can "become a valuable antidiabetic agent" and called for an "energetic investigation" to determine its real potentialities. The *Journal* noted somewhat sarcastically that there have been extensive therapeutic trials of a variety of compounds in a search for an antidiabetic drug which can be swallowed. Meanwhile, it would seem that the medical profession has "remained blissfully unconscious of the availability of aspirin."

SIMULTANEOUSLY there has been a drumfire of reports on aspirin's effectiveness in other diseases. Doctors at the Georgetown School of Medicine and at Harvard have published clinical studies which indicate that daily doses of aspirin reduce the recurrence rate of kidney stones by nearly 50 per cent. Three other physicians have reported that aspirin has produced "striking relief" in two patients suffering from trichinosis, a serious, sometimes fatal, disease caused by a parasitic worm in pork and other varieties of hog flesh. A number of studies have established its value in the treatment of that "perverse, maleficent and ungrateful malady," the gout. W. D. Paul, Professor of Medicine at the University of Iowa, reported that regular doses of aspirin proved invaluable in the treat-

ment of severe skin disorders, primarily by relieving itching and burning. Another doctor at the University of Kansas Medical Center found it extremely beneficial in over three hundred cases of sunstroke.

The most dramatic medical claim in this amazing resurgence of the lowly aspirin comes from a Glendale, California, general practitioner, Dr. Lawrence L. Craven, who reported last year on a ten-year study covering a total of eight thousand men given daily doses of one or two aspirin. Although most of these men were "in the older age groups" and many were obese, the "sort of men who are tailored for heart attacks," Dr. Craven declared that "not a single case of detectable coronary or cerebral thrombosis" was observed in those who "faithfully adhered to the regimen."

Although the narrowing of the blood vessels has much to do with thrombosis, in the final analysis, Dr. Craven maintains the disaster is caused by the increase in the coagulation rate of the blood. It is a known fact that aspirin, given in large doses, is a mild anti-coagulant. But laboratory tests have failed to detect any effect on coagulation when given in dosages as small as Dr. Craven's patients received. His reply to this objection is to point to the living results of his experiment. He also tartly adds: "I might answer that the mechanism whereby electroshock helps the confused is

as yet unknown, yet few psychiatrists would discard electroshock treatment . . . Again, quinine is known as a specific for malaria—but can its worth be demonstrated by laboratory technics?”

Although a few months later, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* criticized and seriously questioned the validity of the Craven study, it remains a striking example of the transformed medical attitude toward aspirin. Oddly, that study, and almost all the other new discoveries, are remarkably typical of aspirin's fascinating history; now, as in the beginning, scientists are completely in the dark about how this universally used chemical really works. From the first, doctors found out what aspirin could do by trying it for the wrong reason.

In fact, for 46 years after its discovery in the laboratory, doctors were not even aware of aspirin's existence. An Alsatian chemist named Charles Frederic von Gerhardt first isolated it in 1853, but, having no interest in or connection with practical medicine, he considered it merely a laboratory curiosity and, like Paul Gelmo, the Viennese student who discovered—and abandoned—sulfanilamide in 1908, von Gerhardt simply noted the chemical's laboratory name (acetylsalicylic acid) and went on exploring other interactions in the wonderland of organic chemistry. Then, in 1874, a German chemist named

Hermann Kolbe succeeded in synthesizing salicylic acid, aspirin's active principle, and announced it as a miracle drug. He was under the mistaken impression that it would break down in the human body into carbolic acid and kill germs in the system, exactly as carbolic acid killed them in surgical wounds. Soon doctors were pouring the acid into patients, all over Europe, and an alert young Swiss physician named Carl Emil Buss noted that, while it did not kill germs, it lowered fever with an almost miraculous rapidity. Then, from Berlin, Dr. Franz Stricker announced that the acid remarkably relieved the pain and swollen joints of rheumatism. At the same time an avalanche of complaints poured in: raw salicylic acid, taken in large quantities, almost always resulted in nausea, often in spasms of vomiting, and sometimes even in coma. Obviously, what was needed was a compound, including this amazingly potent acid, which would be sufficiently bland for general clinical use, yet leave unimpaired the acid's therapeutic vigor.

AT THE Freidrich Bayer Company in Düsseldorf, a young staff chemist named Felix Hoffmann was spurred in his search for such a compound by a compelling source of inspiration. His father was crippled by rheumatoid arthritis, and racked with pain day and night, but he could not tolerate the raw sali-

cylate. Plowing through records of chemical freaks and oddities, the chemist came across acetylsalicylic acid. After testing it first on laboratory animals to be certain of its safety, he tried it on himself, then on his father, with heartening results. It relieved pain and rheumatic stiffness just as efficiently, but the newly added acetyl chemical group apparently blunted the salicylate's cruel acidity on the stomach wall enough to make it more than tolerable.

HOFFMANN RUSHED a report to his chief, Dr. Heinrich Dreser, head of the Bayer drug research department, who confirmed Hoffmann's findings with extensive hospital tests. However, Dreser decided to discard the long laboratory name as being too difficult to pronounce. Recalling that the salicylic acid contained in plants of the spiraea family had been used as a folk remedy for over 2,300 years, Dreser decided to name the new compound "aspirin." "Nobody will know what it means," he said, little realizing how prophetic his words were, "but it will be so easy to pronounce."

For the first 17 years of its existence, Bayer held a world patent on aspirin, and sold the drug only in powder form on a prescription basis. Then, in 1916, the company began marketing it over the counter in tablets. The following year its United States patent on the drug expired, and the Monsanto

Chemical Company also began producing it. Bayer fought hard to retain "aspirin" as a trade name, but lost a court decision in 1918. In the meantime the American branch of the Bayer Company, seized by the United States Government during the First World War, was sold to the New York-based Sterling Drug Company, which continues to own and operate it today. A testimony to the strength of a brand name, Bayer still accounts for about 60 per cent of total aspirin sales in the United States. In Canada, England, and several other countries, Bayer retains the trade name, and is the sole manufacturer of aspirin. In the United States most brands (except Bayer) buy their aspirin in powder form from large chemical companies, and handle only the tableting and bottling operations themselves. A pound of aspirin powder sells for about 65 cents and makes 1,400 tablets. Americans downed 17,944,389 pounds in 1957, an eight per cent increase over 1956. About 14 million pounds go into straight aspirin, the rest into formulas for relieving menstrual pain, hangovers, and other assorted ills. In one laboratory I visited, I went through a file listing over one thousand drugs in regular use which contain aspirin. "Take the aspirin out of most of them," one chemist said, "and they wouldn't be worth a damn."

This is a somewhat blunt way of saying that, new discoveries

notwithstanding, the ubiquitous aspirin is still the world's number one pain reliever and fever reducer. In these capacities it is recommended in the medical literature for every disease from polio to incurable cancer. Studies indicate it is by far and away the drug most widely used by America's pediatricians. In the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Robert Christie of the Brookhaven National Laboratories reported aspirin and neosynephrine (for sinusitis) to be the two most frequently used drugs on a recent expedition to the Greenland ice cap. It is the "essential drug" in the treatment of backache, according to a specialist in this malady, and of course it has been swallowed by the billions for headaches. Unmarried, well-educated women under 20, by the way, are the most frequent users, according to a study done at Louisiana State University School of Medicine. Another, somewhat less known, property of aspirin is its sedative power. Pediatricians, in particular, have noted its "hypnoticlike" effect on children, but many other doctors prescribe it as a before-bed remedy for adults with mild insomnia. Recently Dr. W. D. Paul of the University of Iowa recommended it strongly as a sedative, declaring its use for this purpose vastly preferable to the public's increasing addition to sleeping pills.

Wonderful as it undeniably is, doctors are somewhat distressed to confess that they cannot explain

why aspirin works. The sedative effect, in the opinion of some, is explained by the tablet's power to relieve general aches and pains. But no one can tell you why aspirin lowers a fever, and simultaneously relieves pain. From what we know of body chemistry, these two factors are controlled by two entirely different, even contradictory, mechanisms. Even more mysterious is aspirin's ability to bring a raging fever rapidly down to normal, and leave normal temperatures unaffected.

IN THE DEPARTMENT of pain relief, experiments on dental students, who permitted scientists to study their reactions to electric stimulation of their teeth, indicated that two aspirin raised the pain threshold 35 per cent. Other doctors, who suspected that aspirin's prowess as a pain killer was based mainly on suggestion, conducted tests in which patients were given harmless placebos and told they were aspirin, while a control group was given genuine aspirin. An extremely high percentage of the placebo group, all new mothers in a maternity ward, reported no relief from post partum pain, while almost all the aspirin takers were comforted.

Though doctors cannot explain what it does, they do know something about what happens to an aspirin when you swallow it. Most of it passes through the stomach

and is absorbed into the body in the small intestine. It works fast. Within ten minutes after a tablet is taken, a laboratory test would reveal salicylic acid in your bloodstream. The drug's ability to kill pain depends on the concentration of this acid in the blood. A single tablet provides relief for about an hour—long enough to outlast the average headache.

THERE ARE OVER 60 brands of aspirin marketed in this country, ranging in price from six cents to 69 cents per 100 tablets. In recent years, the magazines famous for their analyses of cigarettes and other products have declared that it makes no difference what aspirin you buy, since it is all government inspected and must meet standards set by the U.S. Pharmacopeia and the Food and Drug Administration. The government does keep close watch on aspirin manufacture, and there are certain minimum standards; but these two facts do not mean that one aspirin is as good as another.

Aspirin manufacture is a complex chemical procedure, and converting the powder into tablets also requires rigid controls. Though few people realize it, aspirin is not a very stable chemical, and variations in temperature or in the purity of the basic chemicals can cause serious defects in the finished tablets, defects, moreover, which are not apparent to the layman's eye.

The tablet should not be too hard, for instance. If it dissolves too slowly, it will pass right through the system and give no relief. More important, it must dissolve uniformly, as well as rapidly, into extremely minute particles. A. H. Douthwaite, Senior Physician at Guy's Hospital, London, has conducted tests which reveal that inferior aspirin, which dissolves into large granules, may be responsible for the discomfort suffered by the small percentage of aspirin takers who report stomach irritation. Dr. Douthwaite found that the large, undissolved particles tend to lodge in the mucous lining of the stomach. "When that happens," one American doctor told me, "it's like having a corn plaster in your stomach. In fact, it's exactly like having one. The aspirin breaks down, and you have raw salicylic acid burning your tummy—the same stuff that's in corn plasters."

Another danger is aspirin's tendency to "degrade" into its original chemicals while on the druggist's shelf, or in your medicine chest. A humid climate accentuates this problem, and one of the larger aspirin manufacturers runs regular "shelf checks" on drugstores, particularly throughout the South, to make sure that their product is retaining its advertised top quality. Poor quality control in the manufacturing process also accentuates this problem. In an advanced state of "degradation," aspirin tablets

crumble easily in the fingers and emit a strong vinegary smell. Taken in this condition, they will almost certainly irritate the stomach. But a tablet can "degrade" quite far before it is apparent to the layman's touch or smell.

THE COMPANIES which manufacture the best aspirin meet these problems with the most rigid standards of quality control before, during, and after the manufacturing process. In one large plant I visited, where one of the most expensive brands of aspirin is produced, I watched scientists make over 90 different tests on every batch of aspirin produced, as it passed from basic chemicals to tablets. On their children's aspirin, which requires a more complex process to add flavoring and color, there are more than 120 tests. The chemicals, as well as the cornstarch which helps bind the powder into tablet form, are all tested for purity; the tablets are tested for weight, hardness, uniform and rapid disintegration; and any batch that does not meet the precise specifications is instantly rejected and recooked. Moreover, each batch, from the moment it leaves the kettles where the chemicals are blended into aspirin, bears a number which follows it through the tableting process and right onto the label of the bottle in which the finished tablets are sold; so three months later, if it wishes, the company can lift the

bottle off a druggist's shelf, and check it against a detailed record of the day, even the hour, when its contents went from raw chemicals to aspirin to tablets and into bottles. Naturally, this exhaustive scrutiny costs money; hence the price you pay for this aspirin is considerably above the six cents per 100 level. But without such tests no company can guarantee every batch, every bottle of aspirin it sells to the public. With them, it can. In aspirin, as in everything else, quality costs a little more.

Another controversy about aspirin concerns its tendency to upset the stomach. By the best scientific estimates, the number of people thus affected is no more than five per cent, so it can hardly be considered a major fault. Aspirin will irritate the stomachs of ulcer victims, however. They should avoid it, or take it only under a physician's direction. Asthma sufferers, too, according to several studies, should take aspirin cautiously, since there seems to be a tendency among them to be allergic to it. Other patients rarely suffer allergic reactions—dizziness, ear ringing, nausea—although these effects sometimes occur in arthritics and others who must take massive doses. Some physicians regard ear ringing (*tinnitus*, in medical language) as a built-in alarm system which tells them the limits of an arthritic's aspirin tolerance.

The one serious black mark on

aspirin's safety record is its deadly effect, in overdose amounts, on small children. About seven per cent of the 1,500 children who die of accidental poisoning each year are victims of aspirin, usually eaten when parents absent-mindedly leave a bottle within reach of small, inquisitive hands. This number is not shockingly high, when you consider the enormous amount of aspirin sold each year, but even one per cent would be too high, when such tragedies are avertible. The production of coated and flavored aspirin, which parents often describe to children as "candy," has complicated the problem, since a toddler in pursuit of sweets may be inspired to scale sinks and explore medicine chests. Billing aspirin as candy is not, it would seem, sound parental procedure. But if you find your tot gulping aspirin, don't panic. It is not an instantaneous poison, and prompt medical treatment will almost certainly bring him around.

THERE ARE NO known cases of addiction to aspirin, in the sense that some unfortunates become bound to morphine or cocaine. There are, of course, people who swallow aspirin compulsively; some

have been known to take as many as 30 tablets a day, for years. But these are a species of the genus hypochondria, and their addiction is psychological.

Numerous doctors, chemists, and nonscientists have written eulogies of aspirin. John Daly, dean of television's news men, has declared that "without it the news fraternity would long since have distributed itself in about equal numbers among the less expensive sanitariums, the Foreign Legion, and the grave."

But the most effective eulogy appeared in the *Year Book of Drug Therapy* for 1956. The writer of the section on aspirin turned his discussion into a paean which begins: "The old reliable antiphlogistic . . ." and in the peculiar language (antiphlogistic means it reduces inflammation) that passes for English in scientific circles, he goes on to enumerate the staggering list of aspirin's achievements. The paragraph is a masterpiece of enthusiastic unintelligibility. But in the last line emotion apparently overcomes him, and he closes with a phrase which sums up aspirin infinitely better than the most advanced technical jargon: "*What a drug!*"

When You Change Your Address

In order that you may receive the AMERICAN MERCURY each month without interruption, please notify the Subscription Department, 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y., well in advance when changing your address. At least 30 days' notice is required, your *old* address as printed on the magazine wrapper, as well as your new address.

HOW TO: OUTWIT YOUR ARCHITECT

A client makes a brilliant discovery



by Crystal Kathleen Jackson

BUILDING A HOUSE these days requires far more than money and workmen. To get a house built the way *you* want it requires an awesome amount of finesse, guts, skill, bull-headedness, bravado, daring and a certain recklessness.

Before approaching your architect you had better arm yourself with a brilliant, brittle Perry-Mason-type of self confidence to convince him that you *are* master of your house and you *will* be heard. Too many architects are like too many mothers: they are sure they know what's best for you.

It is not easy to outwit architects. Apparently they are trained in the use of the withering glance and the contemptuous shrug at the time they learn to use the T-square. How

many courteous mortals have found themselves saddled with a 25-year mortgage on a stripped down, flat-roofed, lopsided, "functional" dwelling, when what they really wanted was an unfunctional Cape Cod, Williamsburg or Colonial home?

By erroneously accepting the premise that their own ideas must be inferior to those of a professional man, countless home planners have been frightened into acquiescence by their architects.

The thing to do is to stick to your own guns. Trying to reason with a missionary-mother-type architect is foolhardy. The quickest way to get what you want is to make him believe you are dangerously mad, or that you may not pay your bill. This

exhilarating discovery of mine was not the result of logical processes. It came full-blown, unsought, and the impact of it stunned me. Then I began to reflect on how this significant discovery might benefit others. For I know now how I got what I wanted.

It was more a spontaneous combustion than a plan. I simply mentioned to my architect that I would like a kitchen with four walls. "Just don't leave out the wall between the living room and the kitchen," I said. "I do not want to be a part of the family when I am cooking. And if I tried to discuss the Near East situation while salting the cabbage, I would only spill the salt and ruin the conversation as well as the cabbage. Nor am I fond of living room drapes saturated with the fragrance of steaming food and fresh onions. So give me a good, solid wall between the kitchen and living room."

I TALKED ON, not noticing what I was happening to the architect: "And about the dining room, *don't* make me eat in a nook or a cozy cubicle at the end of the living room or behind the refrigerator. We eat a lot at our house. Three times a day, at least. And we sometimes are careless, or in a hurry, so I will also need a cupboard with doors. Most of my dishes are no longer suitable for a cute plate rack."

I looked up, breathless, expecting the approving words of an architect who has at last found a cus-

tomor who knew what she wanted. But what I saw was as chilling as a Panhandle norther: my architect was having an attack of withering glances and contemptuous shrugs. He had a gleam in his eye, and a lecture in his mouth. And the full force of the shrug, the glance, the gleam and the lecture was launched at me like a guided missile. His speech was eloquent, his gestures threatening. He spoke fervently of the wisdom and beauty of the Smooth, Uncluttered Line. Of the genius of the Functional Form. There were penetrating asides about the truth and daring of the New Thought in Designing, and its courageous exposure of outworn ideas.

"No longer," he blazed, "do we fit the family to the house. Now, we fit the house to the family. That is the deep truth of the functional design."

He was the missionary, and I was the pagan. I was converted.

Hypnotized, I left his office and went about viewing all things with my fresh, new functional eyes. I returned a zealot. "Put parking meters in all the bathrooms," I ordered. "My teen-age daughters use this unassailable sanctuary as a place to practice outlandish hair-do's and provocative smiles by the hour, safe from intruding adults. Parking meters will shorten their stay. The bathroom door is not to open until a coin is deposited. Thereafter, the door is automatical-

ly to fly open every ten minutes and stay open until other coins are fed to the meter.

"And then take out the stairs," I went on, warming to my subject. "Put in escalators." My family stacks things on a stairway and leaves them there season after season. So give me escalators. I want a smooth, uncluttered look except in the entrance hall. The entrance hall must stay cluttered. In fact, it must be 16 feet wide.

"My family," I explained, "drops whatever they are carrying or wearing as soon as they are inside the front door. With a really functional, 16-foot wide entrance hall, we would have room to spread things out so they would remain in sight instead of piling them up three layers deep. We will always know where things are. No more picking up."

I hate to pick things up. That's why I told him to eliminate the bedroom closets. I want a bank vault in my room, with a combination lock, and the combination

known only to me. This is to keep my teen-age daughters from filching all of my scarfs, blouses, jewelry and clean slips. But in the other bedrooms, no closets; just door-knobs arranged on three walls in some clever design from ceiling to floor. My family prefers doorknobs. They always use them in preference to a closet.

WHEN THE ARCHITECT threw his pencil down and said, "I couldn't think of doing that," I gave him a smug look and told him I knew he couldn't think of it; it was my idea! And when he said I would do this over his dead body, I kept my temper. I simply said that, too, could be arranged. When I added that I still wanted a kitchen with four walls and a dining room with a cupboard he was as mild as a filtered cigarette promise.

So that's how I got the house built the way *we* wanted it. And there's no doubt about it—parking meters for bathrooms are the very thing!



The Names of the Irish

The Gaelic forerunners of some of our common Irish names must have been a trial to the census taker. What is now O'Connor was once O'Conchobair. But that was an easy one. Gallagher evolved from O'Gallchobair and Kavanagh from O'Caombanaigh. Not bad either; but wait! The antecedents of Malloy and Flaherty were O'Maoilmluaidh and O'Flailthearthaigh!—GEORGIA C. NICHOLAS

a guide through the electronic maze of modern sound

STEREO STEREO STEREO

by C. W. Farrington

AN EXCITING new kind of entertainment is available for your home. It is stereophonic sound—already shortened simply to stereo. Stereo has been on recorded tape for several years, but its big boost came in 1958 with the introduction of a simple, single groove phonograph disk. Using only one needle, the new stereo record miraculously supplies the separate signals that are needed to make sounds “move.”

Prepared to share the surging boom that is only a few months old are stereo television sets, radios, even jukeboxes. They are already on the market. Non-dimensional “one-eared” listening has become old hat!

One of stereo’s more spectacular tricks sends a steam locomotive puffing across your living room. Instinctively, you dodge the cinders.

What it means to your musical

enjoyment, however, is that each instrument in an orchestra is before you with such realism that you can accurately point out their positions on the stage.

With a pre-stereo set, now called monophonic or monaural, all sounds come from one point. There is no sense of motion. Set two mono speakers eight feet apart, and the same sound comes from each.

Now put stereo sound through those speakers! You hear the instruments on the right side of the stage coming from the speaker on the right, and those on the left coming from the left speaker. Follow that soloist, moving across the stage. When he stops in the center, you hear his voice or instrument coming from *between* the two speakers. So novel and dramatic are these effects that all styles of phonos, even low priced portables, will be at least partially stereo from now on.

Today's millions of mono players are still useful. They are not made as emphatically obsolete by stereo as were the old 78 players when LP's came out, ten years ago. No conversion was possible then. You had to buy new equipment.

Another advantage, today, is that the speeds used for stereo are the same as those in current use for mono—33 and 45. Perhaps your present mono turntable can be converted.

Stereo records look the same as mono 45 and LP's. Only the word stereo on the label distinguishes them. Their grooves are much different, however, and a mono needle and cartridge can not be used to play them.

The grooves in ordinary records wiggle the needle from side to side. Stereo adds an extra motion—up and down.

The stereo cartridge follows both motions, and can play both stereo and mono records. In playing mono records on a full stereophonic system, you miss only the dimensional effect.

Can an old style cartridge, then, be replaced with a stereo model so that both stereo and mono records can be used—and with improved reproduction?

In general, the answer is "yes". It depends on the grade of both the old and new units. Some of the excellent—and expensive—mono cartridges have advantages that some stereo models lack.

But check carefully before converting to a stereo cartridge. The new stereo needle motion, up and down, is quick to pick up a deep, throbbing, unwanted noise called "rumble," from motors and turntables of the kind that are common in automatic record changers. Precision-made, professional-type turntables, which are now gaining rapidly in popularity, are built to be rumble free. Have your present changer carefully tested by a well-qualified technician before you install that stereo cartridge.

If you do convert to a stereo cartridge alone, there will be no stereo effect, even from stereo records, but you can build a collection of them and enjoy its use while waiting for a complete system.

Other needed items are an additional amplifier and a second, separate speaker.

THE PURCHASE of a new stereophonic player can pay dividends in future pleasure and in security from damaging wear on expensive records—if *up-to-date buying methods are used*.

No standards have ever been set for the phono and record industries. Conscientious trade officials have cautioned the public to be careful when buying.

What is up-to-date buying procedure in an increasingly scientific age? The most important buying concept is the most neglected. When

you buy record playing equipment of any kind, keep in mind *the value of a record collection*.

Too often, we think only of the player. Yet an ordinary LP record collection can, surprisingly soon, exceed the value of the player. Records can never reduce the value of the player, but what playing equipment does to records is shockingly expensive.

Player parts that turn the record and trace its grooves often get less manufacturing emphasis on quality than any other phase of set construction. Record troubles are caused by these parts. Yet the set owner has no redress. Record manufacturers blame the tracing equipment, and equipment makers blame the records.

It seems incredible that expensive, rich-cabineted hi-fi's with superb sound actually contain devices that skip, gouge and chip grooves of ir-reparable LP's, but most of them do.

The buying public can establish standards and protect itself at the same time, by demanding quality where it counts. Buy only a stereo needle and cartridge so that you can use either mono or stereo records. The needle, then, should be stereo size (.7 mil or less) mounted in a single-needle stereo cartridge.

Avoid dual-needle cartridges. The second needle plays only 78's which have long been obsolete and never will be made in stereo. Modern players magnify the sputter and crackle of old records. One trial

proves that an old player should be kept for the old records.

Be sure to take any needle, including a diamond, to a record shop for microscope inspection several times a year. No needle is permanent! Careful maintenance is the cheapest insurance for your record collection.

Make certain that you can easily remove and replace the needle in the set you buy. There are over three hundred different types, and changing some of them takes the tools and talent of a watchmaker.

YOU CAN choose record playing equipment in three basic forms. Everything in one cabinet is called a *package set*. *Components* are the three or more units that go into a package set, fully built and ready to use, but obtainable separately. *Kits* are for the hobbyist.

Package sets in de luxe cabinets make fine furniture but the rate of advancement in electronics is so rapid that they are risky investments. Families, alert to functional arrangements, are leading the trend to ready-made, separate components, which you can replace at any time.

Here is a guide to selecting the three main components—record player, amplifier and speaker. The record player component is either a plain turntable, taking one record at a time, or a changer that automatically drops records on top of each other. But think at least twice

before buying a changer for LP's which were never intended for automatic use. In a few plays the records lose *their* good sound, due to the dropping action, and nothing can restore it.

Stereo LP's are even more delicate than mono and should never be piled up on top of each other, naked, as is necessary on a changer.

To preserve the tone quality of your records, insist on a precision built turntable and tonearm. The simpler the better. Even an automatic shutoff gives the fine record grooves extra wear. The spindle should be short, about half-an-inch, and *rotate with the table*.

Avoid such useless speeds as 78 and 16. If you never play any popular music, an LP (33) turntable is all you need.

Even though you pay as much or more for a player with precision parts than you would for a changer, you are money ahead. The player component of your set determines both the life and sound of your records.

Two similar amplifiers are needed for stereophonic reproduction and for best results they should be identical.

It isn't handy to twiddle knobs on two amplifiers whenever you want to change the volume or tone. You can get a special control box which connects to both amplifiers and does the trick with a master knob. Even better are the new, tandem amplifiers, built together in

one box, including both master and individual controls.

Freedom from distortion is equally important. If you want to be thorough, compare distortion ratings and similar specifications of several makes of amplifiers.

Stereo speaker systems may give you "listening fatigue" unless they are alike inside. They should be separate units so that they can be placed at least six feet apart. If one unit contains three speakers of different size, its companion should contain identical counterparts.

An improper cabinet enclosure can make the finest speaker ineffective. Speakers should be completely isolated from all the other components with thick, nonresonant wood. The player, in particular, should not be able to "hear" any sound from within the set.

Sales-bait misuse of multiple speakers—a group of small speakers simply tied together in place of one good one—is another trick that is out of place in stereo.

INSISTENCE on quality at vital points in what you buy will give you many rewards. Excellent equipment is plentiful, and you can find it.

Salesmen who know their stuff will welcome you and you'll get better service and less baloney.

Best of all, you are sure of superior sound, and protection, rather than punishment, of your cherished records.

*Between Canada and the U.S.A., an
independent tract existed for a decade . . .*

Renegade's Republic

by Jerry Klein

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE never burned brighter in America than the time a stubborn group of Yankees staged a "second American Revolution" by declaring themselves independent of both the United States and Canada.

Living along the boundary line between Canada and the State of New Hampshire, these renegades resisted the authority of both governments and established what they called the "Indian Stream Republic." Finally, however, the United States invaded their "republic" and made them American citizens by captivity, if not by choice!

The republic, which lasted about ten years, consisted of a strip of land along the Indian Stream at what now is Pittsburg, New Hampshire. The state's most northern community, Pittsburg, adjoins Canada.

In 1832, however, when the Indian Stream Republic "seceded," there was constant disagreement

about where the American-Canadian boundary really lay. So the New Hampshireites simply declared their immunity from both governments.

When American officials tried to collect taxes and perform other governmental duties, those who wanted to be Canadian insisted that U.S. territory lay a bit farther south. When Canadians tried to do the same, those who wanted to be Americans said the Canada border was farther north.

Plainly, the situation was a mess. Then the people of Indian Stream saw their opportunity to be rid of both nations—and their respective tax collectors!

So they met in a schoolhouse, declared the independence of the Indian Stream Republic, and framed a constitution calling for a court, a council, a 40-man standing army to resist "foreign invasion," and a president.

The first, and only, president was Luther Parker who, with his broth-

er Asa, ran the local general store. Once, an American deputy entered the republic at the same time as a Canadian sheriff. The Canadian tried to arrest the American, but irate Indian Streamers came to the rescue with "pistols, guns, pitchforks and scythes."

They sent the sheriff north and the deputy south. In strong language, they informed both officials they had violated the national boundaries of Indian Stream, and told them to "get to heck back where they belonged."

INDIAN STREAMERS, perhaps influenced by an influx of law-breakers from both its neighbors, "winked at smuggling" of timber and fur. The United States replied by charging customs duties on the products they "exported."

Sharp traders and a "sprinkling of dissolute characters" who had settled in Indian Stream for protection against police had a grand time while it lasted. The little republic was content not to molest them for crimes they'd committed in the United States or Canada. Besides, it had no jail!

The Indian Stream Republic punished an occasional mischief maker by placing a big soap kettle on him for a few days and letting him think things over. When the sheriffs of Coos County, N. H., or Hereford, Canada, offered advice on punishing law-breakers, they were told to mind their own affairs.

Canada tried to destroy the republic's sanctuary for criminals by sending in some process servers. They were escorted to the Parkers' general store where Luther looked them in the eye and placed a loaded musket across the counter.

Then brother Asa strolled in, a pistol in each hand. Outside, Elmer Applebee and some others grabbed guns and manned a "rock fort" they'd built to discourage nosey "foreigners." The process servers got the idea, and left.

Meantime, however, the border dispute was submitted to international arbitration. The king of The Netherlands decided the territory belonged to Canada. But the United States refused to accept this decision—and the Indian Streamers cheered!

Their joy was ended when the governor of New Hampshire was empowered to use soldiers to conquer the rebel republic. After a few skirmishes, Canadian sympathizers withdrew and the Indian Stream nation came under military occupation. Soldiers pitched tents around the home of President Parker, who pulled up stakes for Wisconsin "to be free."

Although the territory wasn't formally annexed until the United States and Britain signed the Ashburton Treaty in 1842, its independence was at an end. Law—and American soldiers—were planted firmly along the banks of Indian Stream.

A tender story of "born" parents and adopted children

A Family is When You Make it

by Tony Granite

A SUBDUED excitement electrified the dinner table when I took my place in the captain's chair. My two-year-old's chin barely reached above his plate as he stared at me with unblinking blue eyes. His cherub-like lips belied the mischief in his face. My 11-year-old stared expectantly from her place to my right. And at the opposite end of the table, my wife waited, hands in her lap.

"And how was your day?" I asked, as I always did.

The children turned in unison to their mother. This was strange. Every other night had found them straining to be the first to recount the day's events.

My wife said, "The telephone rang today."

"So?" I asked.

"Miss Fair called."

"Oh, no. Not another one!"

"Yes."

"But we can't afford it."

"I told her so."

"And Bud's only been with us six months."

"I told her that, too."

"What else did you tell her?"

"I said we'd take a look."

My daughter broke in. "What do you have to look for? It's a baby, isn't it?"

The boy looked up at me with his huge blue eyes. "Baby, Daddy," he nodded, knowingly.

My wife, again, "It's a little girl. And they haven't any place for her to go. Miss Fair said she'd fit right into our home. I reminded her you were just a student, and we couldn't afford it."

"What did she say to that?"

"She just wants us to look at the child."

Three days later, we saw and were conquered by Cathy. She joined our happy clan the day after New Year's.

My wife and I were 21 when we met, less than a year after Pearl Harbor. We were married within six weeks. The adoptions of our three children in the last ten years have been as spontaneous.

We adopted Alma when she was three years old. I was a student under the GI Bill, also, as a graduate

assistant I earned \$85 a month. After getting my degree and acquiring a fairly good income—first as a newspaperman, then as a teacher—we applied for adoption in another state. Nothing ever came of it. So, when I returned to my alma mater for more graduate work, we applied again for adoption and gained Bud within three months. He was 18 months old. Six months later, our “unplanned baby,” with which every family should be blessed, even adoptive ones, came along. This was Cathy, 15 months old.

A little more than six months after Cathy joined us, I finished my course work at the university and we left town. Our friends jokingly accused us of skipping out before we got another telephone call we wouldn’t be able to resist. Some of the envious ones who had been trying unsuccessfully over a long period of time, to adopt just one child were relieved to see us go, I am sure, so that they could have a chance. And I’m equally sure that when we left, the excitement at Children’s Court died down considerably. They had told us that within the memories of the 25-year veterans there, no one couple had ever required their services for three separate adoptions of children who were not related.

In the winter of 1947, we discovered that the chances of having our own children were slim. The last of a long list of doctors we had con-

sulted was a kindly general practitioner who cheerfully reminded us that families are made not by biology alone and arranged for an interview with the local welfare authorities.

HOUSING, even for students in those early postwar years, was hard to find. Many landlords who happily had performed their public service by taking in single students, cheerfully doubled their rents to accommodate the influx of married veterans. But they drew the line at the encroachment of children and pets. Many of them expressed indignation when couples who had invaded their homes unencumbered by offspring had the temerity to betray their landlord’s trust by starting a family. This became known as having gained possession under false pretenses.

Our landlady, Irene, was different. Perhaps it was because she had never married that she had the untapped capacity for love that resulted in our becoming her “kids” from the very moment we knocked on her door, seeking shelter. And when we consulted her about adopting children she expressed indignation that we should even consider her as a stumbling block. Godmother Irene was present at the baptism of each new member of the family.

Because my attendance at the university marked me as a transient, and we were from out of state to

begin with, our first stork-call was a great surprise. The agency called three months after we had applied for adoption. We had heard stories of long lists still unsatisfied after years of waiting. The voice was cautious. Would we be interested in a three-year-old girl? We jumped at the chance.

Just before Easter, we were introduced to Alma. It was love at first sight. She had curly black hair, black eyes, and the most doleful of expressions on her face. The reason for the doleful expression, we discovered, was that she had been uprooted from three different foster homes since she had been given up at birth. In all of these homes, she had been given the best of care, with all the love and affection any child could want. But the continual uprootings had deprived her of the sense of security she needed most. In that shabby office where we first met her, I am sure we represented only another pause in her wanderings. We had all we could do to restrain the tears that threatened to melt the eggs in the Easter basket we offered, to bind our bargain.

Alma did not speak English as she had been boarded in a German-speaking home during the past year.

When she appeared at our home a short time later, Alma brought a shoe box that contained her complete wardrobe, a change of underclothing, socks and a playsuit. As she marched toward us with her scant 30 inches and 28 pounds held

bravely erect, she clutched in her free arm her ragged doll, Mary, stained with many a tear shared in loneliness.

Three years later, we confidently applied for another adoption. We felt that a highly successful experience should be recommendation enough. We wanted a boy, this time. Nothing happened during the next year. Then I was recalled to active duty in Korea for the year and a half after that.

The best offer we had for a while was when Mike, the pup, kissed our hands and begged to be taken out of the carton box where he had been romping with the rest of his litter. His adoption was the simplest of all. He fit in my coat pocket. Mike gave meaning to the explanation of "adoption." Through him, Alma had developed a ready answer to her playmates' questioning of "Where was you born?" Her reply was, "Mike and me—we weren't borned—we were adopted."

A DIRECT relationship between my going to school and adopting children seemed inevitable. When I returned to my alma mater for advanced study in 1955, we applied again for adoption. Eight years had passed since our first visit to the agency. We did not expect to be remembered, because of changes of personnel there and the fact that all adoption records are sealed in this state. Within three months we received the telephone call which

invited us to "inspect" a child for adoption—a boy this time, to carry on the family name.

Alma was as excited as though the whole idea had been her own. Actually, she had played a large part in reaching the decision to adopt another child. She had agreed that having a brother would be worth giving up many of her toys and much of her privacy. Secretly, I think, she was seeking relief from the constant attention to her every movement.

Our new prospect proved to be 18 months old and the pride of the foster mother who had been entrusted with his care since birth. The day we left Alma to go to meet him she had remarked, "How come you have to look him over first? He's a baby, isn't he? And that's what we've been waiting for." She was right—there was little need for the formality. Again, it was love at first sight.

Bud joined us within three days. And at the insistence of his new sister, he was enthroned in a crib in her room, even though there was a spare bedroom readied for him. He brought with him a few prized toys and a note from his doting foster mother who had listed the foods he liked best and all the things he was accustomed to have done for him. And this postscript:

"My own daughter, 11 years old, could not sleep all last night because she knew he would be leaving us this morning. She wants me

to remind you that Bud likes everyone to applaud when he does something nice."

We've been applauding ever since.

THE PHONE RANG again—unsolicited, this time—when we were preparing to celebrate Bud's first Christmas with us. At the dinner table, with the expectant eyes of the family on me, I made a mental check of our bank account—shrunk, now, to a pair of figures and a decimal point. The boy's Christmas, we were all agreed, must be the best ever. Even Alma had volunteered to give up her own list and piggy bank to assure this. But we did have room in our hearts and in our house for one more. The girls could double up and the boy could move into his own room.

"What do you think?" I asked my wife.

"What do *you* think?" she said.

But again, it was Alma who decided us, with her matter-of-fact, "When can she come?"

The telephone hasn't brought an offer in over a year, and the chances are slim that it will again because I'm not expecting to go back to school soon. But you can't tell—if the kids have their way.

Alma, now 13, tells me, "When I grow up and get married, don't worry, Dad. You'll have lots of grandkids. Even if I have to adopt them for you!"

A family, I always say, is when you make it.

REDS PLAY THE CIRCUIT AGAIN

The Communist "beat" is thronged with travelers who would do away with the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Government Security Program, the FBI . . . and Freedom.

by Jo Hindman

WHEN THE WARREN COURT hung out "all's clear" signals to Communist subversion of the United States, fellow travelers began tossing socks and cuff links into suitcases, preparing to circulate more busily throughout the nation.

Hiding Communists uncramped their bones, stirred by Dorothy Healey Connelly's cry, "We are on our way!" This former chairman of the Communist Party of Los Angeles, indulged in hysterics upon hearing the Warren manifestos of June 17, 1957, including the Watkins case decision, which went against the security of the United States, widening the road for Communist aggression inside America.

Under the name of Dorothy Ray Healey, Mrs. Connelly maintains quarters in a small stucco house (painted pink) at the rear of a lot in residential southwest Los Angeles. Her husband, Philip M. Connelly, is editor of the Communist west coast sheet, *Daily People's World*. Connelly, along with Al Richmond of the paper's staff, was freed by another Warren Court ruling, one that has turned the radi-

cals loose under the Stars and Stripes, which—their actions indicate—they despise.

Like the hands on a replugged electric clock, the Communists in the United States are again going 'round and 'round, since the pro-Communist decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court. Some radicals have headed West for more or less permanent residence. Others have resumed orbits on the circular beat that swings widely from Communist headquarters in New York across to California, down to the middle and deep South, then cross-country to the national hangout of commissars on the east coast.

Three months and 13 days after the unfortunate decision that went against the United States in *Watkins v. U.S.A.*, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (ECLC) staged its "Operation Abolition" kickoff from the mid-west, headed for Portland, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and points between.

Timed to coincide with a lateral "Abolition" operation that agitated up and down the Atlantic seaboard,

the bent-for-the-west "Abolition" junket of ECLC stumped the Pacific Coast, sponsored by ECLC affiliates, calling for abolishment of the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC), the Government Security Program, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose chief is J. Edgar Hoover.

FIRST OF THE three ECLC "Abolition" meetings in Los Angeles was held on the evening of October 17, 1957, in Bace's Hall on North Vermont Avenue, under sponsorship of an organization in Southern California which calls itself the Citizens Committee to Preserve American Freedoms (CCPAF).

In Bace's Hall, which sports a small stage, scare literature (headed "The Bomb!! Fallout & Survival!") stared up from the seat of each folding chair, where it thoughtfully had been placed by the Committee against Nuclear Explosions. Dr. Linus Pauling, whose lengthy record of affiliations with subversive groups is published in the Congressional Record, was billed as one of the speakers.

At the door of Bace's, copies of "The Watkins Decision of the United States Supreme Court," sold for 25 cents each, quoting Chief Justice Earl Warren: "Who can define the meaning of 'Un-American'?"

Donations were solicited by CCPAF and sheaves of literature—

put out by American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) Northern California and Southern California branches, and Oregon-quartered Methodist Federation for Social Action (MFSA)—were distributed.

Also passed around were biliously tinted invitations to a coffee hour, scheduled for the following night at Unitarian Auditorium, 2936 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles. Scheduled as main speaker was identified-Communist (1954) James Anderson Dombrowski of Louisiana, who was billed to give a "first hand report from the deep South."

First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles which opened its auditorium to this speaker was described in 1953 by a California Senate Investigation Committee as "a perfect camouflage (that) welcomes Communists." The church pastor, Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, member of various Communist fronts, has achieved wide influence among college and university faculty and students. Recently, this Unitarian cleric came out in the open on the side of so-called Mental Health pressure groups trying to ram the Red-tinged socialized psychiatry program into the budget of Los Angeles County.

The "Abolition" meeting at Bace's Hall opened tardily. An unshaven guitarist strummed between curtain and spotlight, vainly trying to arouse the audience to singing participation.

Defeated former attorney general of California and also a former national president of the National Lawyer's Guild, cited as a Communist front, Robert W. Kenny, gave a "book report" using the 25 cent Warren-made decision pamphlet as his text.

The wife of an attorney, following Kenny on the platform, proceeded to take as a target for her barbed remarks the "FBI Boys" whom, she said, she saw seated out front, second row back.

A FOOTLIGHT apology was made by Mrs. Marshall, chairman, for the absence of Frank Wilkinson, described as "on loan to National Committee." ECLC's monthly organ, *Rights*, dated August-September 1957, ran the announcement that Wilkinson's first project would be "a cross-country tour of visits with groups advocating the abolition" of both the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Frank Wilkinson, active in various Communist front organizations, was identified as a Communist by a witness whom he had tried to exploit in organizing a CC-PAF branch in San Diego.

Wilkinson put himself "on the road" in 1952 when he refused to tell the Senate Committee whether he was or had been a member of the Communist Party. After that, the Housing Authority of the City

of Los Angeles found it more comfortable to release Wilkinson from HACLA employment.

Highlight of the ECLC's meeting at Bace Hall was the presentation of Clark Foreman, executive director of the ECLC and rabble master of the entire western "Operation Abolition" tour.

Foreman's Communist front connections were put on public record before the U. S. Senate in 1955 by Senator James O. Eastland, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security. Foreman was identified as one of the initiators of a National Congress on Civil Rights, out of which emerged the subversive and Communist Civil Rights Congress, and as vice chairman of National Committee to Win the Peace, and founder and president of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, Communist fronts.

Taking his cue from chairman Dorothy Marshall, Foreman delighted the Bace Hall audience with remarks disparaging the FBI and ridiculing the Committee on Un-American Activities of the U.S. House of Representatives.

Foreman also laid before the assembled fellow travelers a four-point program calling for familiarization with the Warren Court decision on *Watkins v. U.S.A.*, visits to congressmen urging them to vote against continuance of HUAC, exhortations to try and "get heard" during the Hearings, and opposi-

tion to any move of Congress to investigate "propaganda."

A wide-eyed teenager, daughter of a CCPAF Left-Winger, stood at the door handing literature to the crowd leaving Bace Hall after the meeting. Asked if she'd ever heard or read anything to the contrary, the child answered yes, and named as an author of the "other side" a notorious agitator, regarded by many as a Communist counter-agent. Fact that the writings of such had been falsely exhibited to the child as examples of American patriotism illustrates how Communistic brain-twisting proceeds from cradle to the grave.

The current "Abolition" movement is in the hands of ACLU's Southern California chapter which has spearheaded a post-election petition drive for signatures urging Congressmen during the 86th Congress of this (1959) year to eliminate the Committee on Un-American Activities from the list of standing committees of the U. S. House of Representatives. This action served to trigger a nationwide movement through other chapters of the American Civil Liberties Union. I have been told that the Capitol office of "Jimmy Roosevelt" has been selected as a repository for the signatures collected.

A left-wing transmission-belt to the West was set up in 1958 by formation of a new unit of the Encampment for Citizenship. Accommodating 75 students, ages 18-23,

the initial West Coast conference was held at the International House near the campus of the University of California at Berkeley from June 22 to August 2, 1958, at which time the parent body was holding its thirteenth annual session at Riverdale, located on the northern edge of New York City.

NUMEROUS OFFICIALS of the parent body Encampment had records of affiliation with left-wing organizations, and Encampment educational materials were said to include certain films either produced or edited by persons who had been affiliated with certain similar groups.

A February, 1958, letterhead named 57 Encampment sponsors, including Mordecai Johnson, Max Lerner, Channing Tobias, all affiliated with Communist organizations and fronts, also Howard E. Wilson, associated with the subversive and Communist National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. Professor Wilson's appointment as dean of the UCLA school of education was fiercely but futilely protested by Californians, who were stood off by University officials. The latter retaliated by appointing still another Communist-front-sponsor, Dr. Harold C. Urey, who has lent assistance to a wide range of Communist interests, including support of the Communist-inspired "Save the Rosenbergs" campaign that urged Presidential

clemency for the Julius-Ethel team charged with conspiracy to commit espionage.

Backed by an appointment as professor-at-large, Dr. Urey, formerly of Chicago, is now making his residence on the La Jolla campus of the University of California, not far from the Mexican border. He is available to the other University branches and can peddle his type of influence among young Americans enrolled on all campuses of the far-flung University of California.

THE UNIVERSITY collected still another barnacle in 1958 when Sidney Roger, mentioned in the 1948 fourth Report of the California Fact Finding Committee, Un-American Activities in California, announced that he intended to pursue studies in the field of communication on the campus at Berkeley with "emphasis on problems of the communication of ideas between labor union leadership and rank and file members."

Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education awarded the fellowship which will further this activity of Roger who is also a member of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, the power whose shipping strikes periodically strangle commerce and navigation and have brought near-starvation to the Hawaiian islands in the past.

Two California school districts reacted differently to Edward L.

Hanchett, an identified member of the Communist Party, who recently refused to testify before the HUAC regarding alleged Party membership. A loyalty-oath dodger, Hanchett once resigned from the California school system, came back later, was discharged from a seventh grade teaching job in 1957 by trustees of the Dixie School District Board for refusal to answer certain pertinent Committee questions.

Catalogue of the Communist California Labor School listed Hanchett as a teacher of physics at that school. In 1958, the San Jose School District approved the hiring of Hanchett. First assignment of the Communist-associated school teacher will be teaching children of military personnel assigned to the Hamilton Air Force Base during 1958-59 at the Pacheco Public School near the Base, a large installation 20 miles north of San Francisco.

Resident Communist front sponsors and apologists in the West lay out the welcome mat and provide paying audiences for their traveling kind, such as anthropologist Margaret Mead of the east coast, an associate and colleague of the researching agent, Mark Zborowski. Miss Mead was one of the 25 internationalists on the Preparatory Commission for the International Congress on Mental Health, world-wide kickoff for present-day disturbances mobilized in the mental health movement. Zbo-

rowski was arrested in Massachusetts on a Federal warrant issued on April 18, 1958, charging Zborowski with committing perjury in testimony before a Federal grand jury.

Miss Mead, one-time supervisor of Zborowski, has been welcomed as a speaker by Rev. Fritchman's Unitarian Public Forum. Her appearance before the Forum was publicized by handbills picked up at the dingy Progressive Book Shop on Seventh Street in Los Angeles, whose dusty stacks included the slow-selling publication of the Fund for the Republic that dealt with so-called blacklisting of Communists in the entertainment field.

An influx of Communists always accompanies elections on the Pacific coast. Resident and transient Communists pull together straining to get socialistic candidates and welfare-state programs approved by the electorate. Imported as a fellow speaker on the second try of mental health radicals in California was Hyman Forstenzer, identified before the Committee on the Judiciary, U.S. Senate, as a Communist Party member and official.

Forstenzer, assistant director of Community Mental Health Services, State Department of Mental Hygiene, New York, was paraded in California as an authority on so-called mental health. The interim committee of the California State Legislature, following the failure of mental health legislation in 1955, is-

sued from Sacramento a biased report favoring passage of the dictator-type legislation, based on the testimony of so-called experts, such as Forstenzer who is a leading psychiatrist in the World Health Organization's crash program for thought-controlling the world.

FEDERAL FUNDS pay the salary of another importee to the West, Dr. Wayne McMillen, a self-confessed associate of Communist fronts, according to a series in the *Los Angeles Examiner*, June 1958, McMillen is the present director of the Mental Health Survey of Los Angeles County, supported by federal funds. Formerly with the University of Chicago, McMillen is presently collecting and sifting data concerning the mental attitudes of Californians in 35 statistical areas of the State.

McMillen has circulated questionnaires through schools, groups of professional people, especially in the field of medicine, to psychiatrists in private practice, public and private hospitals and other agencies in contact with men, women, and children.

Actor Orson Welles joined the mental health bandwagon by serving as a narrator on the CBS mental health TV show, "Out of Darkness." Welles is backed by years of association with Louis Dolivet, regarded as one of the most virulent of world Communists. Dolivet, identified as an agent of the Com-

intern, and international editor of the pre-UNESCO publication, *Free World*, is now barred from the United States. Welles served as an editorial writer under Dolivet whose international honorary publication board, as early as 1945, was crammed with Communists.

Welles was a delegate to the American Youth for a Free World, affiliate of the Communist dominated World Youth Council, at a time when Comintern agent Dolivet was general secretary.

AFTER TERMINATION of his contract with Communist Dolivet, Welles was welcomed back into the United States by none other than Edward R. Murrow, currently welcoming international left-wingers into American homes via television.

The 1958 right-to-work campaign in California, lambasted by Reuther's Marxist labor machine of union racketeers, found an antagonist in newscaster Alvin Wilder, listed in the 1948 California Un-American Activities report as one of the main Communist radio commentators in Los Angeles. Wilder began appearing on a Southland television channel approximately two months preceding the November elections, inciting antagonism toward the right-to-work initiative.

The Wilder TV-mushroom was sponsored by an obscure paint firm known as Imperial Standard Corporation, an outfit that was said to have operations in Chicago,

Pittsburgh, and Los Angeles. The firm's national executive office on La Brea Avenue in Los Angeles, at the time of the Wilder broadcasts, was sporting a "For Rent" sign, and the vanished firm's telephone number had been awarded to another business house some two months previously.

The corporation's manufacturing plant was discovered to be a hole-in-the-wall address on West Olympic Boulevard in Los Angeles where mixing of pre-purchased pigments seemed to constitute the manufacturing operation of the corporation.

The outlet for this television-advertised product turned out to be a Los Angeles hardware store where a few cans of Imperial Standard product were stacked in a corner. The real product of the mysterious setup was the raspy voice of Wilder disseminating, as always, the Communist Party line. Wilder's program vanished after election day.

The degree of infiltration to the West is such that Communist fronters and sympathizers can be reached at almost any time by telephone, or found at work in public offices of government. Meanwhile, others of their ilk are invading American homes via radio and television, leading gullible listeners deeper into an acceptance of the toils of the socialistic State with its sudden trapdoor to Red Communism.

Impact of Communist concentration in the West was grimly felt in the November, 1958, ballots of California which were crammed at various levels of government with an overwhelming menu of socialistic welfare-state provisions, schemes and candidates—all of it the fruitage of tireless Communist around-the-clock plotting and planning. As a result, legislation, such as the right-to-work initiative, went down to defeat under barrages of opposition stemming from a world order of international labor unionism which yammers through Left-Wing dominated locals.

UNION OFFICIALS fear and hate right-to-work laws because freedom of choice, as guaranteed by right-to-work, stands in the way of International Labor Organization's political two-pronged precept of compulsory unionism. The ILO concept guarantees workers' and employers' organizations to "formulate their progress," and enters a hamstringing section that forbids opposition. Article 8, Section 2 of the 1948 ILO Convention forbids laws, such as right-to-work, saying: "The law of the land shall not be such as to impair, nor shall it be so applied as to impair the guarantees provided for in this Convention."

The Communist press in California, under executive editor, Al Richmond, who was freed by a pro-Communist decision of the Warren Court, urged defeat of the Califor-

nia right-to-work initiative, terming it "compulsory open shop,"—*compulsory freedom*, if there could be such a thing.

Long-time observers of the Communist movement in America express the opinion that it is unlikely that Communist headquarters in New York will ever move west for permanent reestablishment on the Pacific Coast. The east coast location is far too well suited for Communist purposes: Communist headquarters are handy to the United Nations and to the Soviet Embassy where *materiel* can be shuttled to and fro in sealed portfolio by messengers.

Outlying results favorable to Communism, such as mental health enabling legislation and defeat of right-to-work, are being obtained by dispatching trained speakers and artificial "experts" to points of controversy, or by setting up fly-by-night camouflages to pander Communist illusions among the American public.

The issue is Communism and the Communists know it. Until Americans stop kidding themselves, learn to see through the domestic disguises of Communism, and stop voting themselves and others into the socialistic State, the situation can decay further to the point where the "S" in U.S.A. could stand for Soviets.

The Communists, themselves, have set the deadline for America in the 1960's.

DEXTRAN

the plasma substitute

now makes preventative shock treatment normal medical procedure.

by E. Gardiner Neal

JIM NELSON was the last of the bus crash victims to be carried, unconscious, into the small country hospital. His only discernible injury appeared to be a crushed leg, but he was dying; not from the injury itself, but from profound shock. His face was ashen; his body cold. "Pulse 150," intoned the doctor, "blood pressure unobtainable." Within seconds a colorless liquid was being injected into Jim's arm. Almost at once he began to stir and moan, and long before the infusion was completed, he was fully conscious, his pulse slowed and full, his blood pressure restored to a safe level. Dextran, man-made substitute for plasma, had saved another life.

Doctors have long known that shock of itself, and not necessarily the injuries it accompanies, is a great killer. In shock, the liquid portion of the blood seeps out through the veins, causing collapse of the circulatory system. The patient's life depends on the immediate restoration of the blood volume and blood pressure. This is the function of both plasma and dextran, medically termed a plasma volume expander. Neither is a substitute for whole blood which

must be used in cases involving excessive bleeding, for only whole blood can replace lost or damaged red blood cells.

In Jim's case, infusion with dextran enabled him to wait safely for the hour it took to type his blood and cross-match it with the whole blood to be procured.

Jim was one of thousands to benefit from a hospital's foresightedness in stocking dextran when it became commercially available over a year ago. Small hospitals, because of the cost and refrigeration problems, can carry on hand only limited supplies of plasma and whole blood, inadequate to handle an emergency such as a bus crash. In a disaster causing many casualties hospitals often have found their blood supplies exhausted. To have had available the plasma volume expander at times like these, has meant the difference between life and death for many.

But dextran, the sugar-derived synthetic, is not merely a substitute for unobtainable plasma. Those doctors most familiar with its use, express the hope that it will soon replace human plasma in the treatment of shock.

DR. HARRY BOWMAN of St. Luke's hospital in Bethlehem, Pa. states: "After years of trial, there is no doubt in my mind that dextran is vastly superior to plasma. First, it is cheaper than the human substance, costing only about \$7.00 a pint, while plasma costs *somebody* \$25.00 a pint to process. Second, it poses no storage problem, keeping indefinitely at room temperature, which means that every hospital and doctor can keep on hand a quantity sufficient for any emergency. Third, it is stored in bottles in liquid form, instantly ready for use which plasma, stored frozen, is not."

The plasma volume expander has already taken its place in many doctors' offices. One physician cites an experience which took place two days after he had placed the product on his emergency shelf.

A small boy was knocked off his bicycle by a speeding motorist, and badly hurt. He was carried across the street to the doctor's office and immediately injected with dextran. According to the doctor, "The boy rallied at once and was able to make the trip to the hospital, where he underwent the necessary surgery. In my opinion he owes his life to the emergency shock treatment I was able to give him in my office." This doctor adds that the relatively low cost of dextran makes it possible to use it far more freely than plasma has ever been used.

But although the inexpensiveness

and convenience of the expander makes it desirable, it is the product's absolute *safety* which, in the opinion of many doctors, makes its replacement of human plasma imperative.

"Dextran is completely sterile and therefore wholly safe to use in great quantity," says a New York anesthesiologist, "which plasma most certainly is not." The doctor refers to the discovery that contaminated human plasma is directly responsible for the virulent liver ailment known as serum hepatitis, which claims the lives of one out of every five of its victims. No known method of processing pooled human plasma has been able to control the transmission of the deadly hepatitis virus.

Enormous quantities of plasma have been used in our hospitals since World War II, when its effectiveness in preventing and allaying shock was recognized. While extensive use of plasma has saved countless lives, it has caused an alarming increase in serum hepatitis, which from a rare disease, has lately catapulted into a public health problem, claiming over 30,000 victims a year.

Until recently this fact has placed our doctors in a serious quandary: whether to deprive numerous patients of the tremendous benefits of plasma or risk losing six out of every hundred infused, from hepatitis. Today, this unhappy choice is no longer necessary. Your

doctor can now give you all the benefits of plasma without any of its risks; for dextran, after intensive experimentation and several years of routine use in government hospitals, is now available in unlimited supply.

Mayo Clinic's Dr. John Lundy, who has made exhaustive studies of the expander, reports that although dextran is not a substitute for whole blood, it has mysteriously succeeded where even whole blood has failed.

"I am satisfied," he states, "that in the last year I have saved at least six lives with dextran where even considerable quantities of whole blood proved ineffective. The patients continued to lose ground, the situation became desperate, and the period of survival was estimated to be a matter of three or four hours. Administration of a six per cent solution of dextran re-established blood pressure and permitted the patient to recover."

MANY DOCTORS have noticed the unique faculty of dextran for attracting fluids. Physicians on the staff of a New York hospital cite the case of a badly burned patient, whose kidneys had ceased to function. He responded neither to plasma nor whole blood, but within a few hours after receiving dextran, the kidneys were functioning normally. The dextran had drawn fluid back into circulation, reactivating the kidneys.

Not confined solely to its clinical usage, dextran is playing a large part in the vitally important conservation of whole blood. Far less blood is needed when used alternately with dextran. Human plasma, obviously wasteful of blood, requires one full pint to produce only one-half pint of plasma.

The always-short supply of whole blood has been jeopardized in an unexpected way. When it became apparent that approximately six out of every hundred plasma-injected patients developed serum hepatitis, Dr. Carl Moore of St. Louis, publicly urged all surgeons to refrain from the indiscriminate use of plasma because of the danger of hepatitis infection. Unwilling to sacrifice their patients' well-being, a growing number of doctors began to use *whole* blood instead of plasma, as a precautionary measure against shock while many surgeons demanded whole blood for every operation, no matter how routine.

Obviously a widespread practice so extravagant of whole blood could create a dangerous blood shortage, but dextran has averted the threat. Over 300,000 pints were supplied our hospitals last year, thus cutting down ten per cent on the total use of whole blood considerably more, some reporting that where 10,000 pints of blood were formerly used each year, they last year used only 5,000 pints plus 5,000 pints of dextran. This is in line with reports from numerous surgeons

who state that in operations where dextran is used, equally good results are obtained from one bottle of blood rather than two.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, dextran is actually the result of our government's search, launched during the Korean War, for a plasma substitute which could be manufactured in unlimited quantity for stockpiling in case of a national emergency. Judged by the National Research Council in Washington, D. C. to be eminently satisfactory, and superior to all other plasma volume expanders tested, dextran is now the only such product being manufactured under government contract for this purpose. Although originally conceived as an emergency remedy only, its enormous potentialities for general, peace-time use were quickly recognized by the doctors assigned to test the expander. Experience appears to have confirmed their judgment.

As in all things medical, there is some difference of opinion. Obviously dextran and plasma do not contain the same materials—a fact which disturbs some doctors; for dextran is made from sugar dextrose, and although it appears to provide nourishment for the body, it does not contribute to the building up of new body proteins as does plasma, which is the liquid portion of human blood without its cellular effects. However the Director of Anesthesiology of a large hospital,

comments; "The really important thing, regardless of what materials each substance contains, is the indisputable fact that the plasma volume expander has either the same, or in some cases, a *better* effect than human plasma."

The majority of medical men tend to agree with Drs. R. J. Ward and J. E. Mathwig of Seattle, who, after extensive testing, state that dextran is the "agent of choice for initial treatment of the shocked patient, and may be used either as a temporary measure until cross-matching (for whole blood) can be carried out, or as the only infusion required."

According to doctors all over the United States who have used dextran, its cheapness, safety and easy availability are making it possible for more people than ever before in history to receive the benefits of preventive shock treatment, not as something special, but as a normal part of everyday medical procedure.

This means that not only will lives continue to be saved, but the average patient, under non-emergency conditions, can make faster and better recoveries from routine operations, uncomplicated childbirth, accidents and burns.

As an eminent hematologist puts it, "Perhaps most gratifying of all, is the fact that we can be absolutely sure that a life saved today by dextran, won't be lost a few months later from serum hepatitis."

A M E R I C A N A

TWO WOMEN were arrested in Passaic, New Jersey, for gabbing away while driving their cars side by side down a street.

DONALD DROWN is the country club swimming instructor in Wheaton, Md.

SCORES of women have written to the US Weather Bureau asking that next year's hurricanes be named after them.

AND as if they didn't have enough trouble with snowstorms, in Oswego, NY, a second-grade class who were building an interplanetary vehicle ran into difficulties, with the boys protesting that "the girls want to put up curtains in our spaceship."

TOM COLLINS has just been appointed to the New Jersey State Liquor Board.

DING DONG is a town in Bell County, Texas.

A DUNCAN, Oklahoma, reporter, stopping people on the street to see how many could name at least one of the first ten Amendments to the Constitution, was told by one woman: "I really wouldn't know. I just moved to Duncan."

DURING the Christmas rush in Milwaukee, Detective Rabbitt arrested a shop-lifter named Warren Easter.

WHEN a Brockton, Mass., postman hollered through the door of a residence, "Got a letter with some postage due", the lady of the house shouted back, "Bring it back tomorrow. I can't open the door today—it's the parakeet's day out of the cage."

MISS JANICE ONION is a secretary at the Washington Restaurant Assn.

OTIS ELEVATOR CO.'s main office in Washington, D. C., is in a one-story building.

OAKLAND, California, police came across a hobo who was carrying an electric blanket in his bundle.

A CHICAGO garage is offering a 15 per cent reduction in parking fees for cars less than 14 feet long.

ONE-THOUSAND FEET below, a truck crossed a white line on U.S. 31, south of Indianapolis, Indiana.

At the same instant, Indiana State Police Sergeant Art Raney, at the controls of a red and cream Piper Cub, clicked a stopwatch button that started the hands moving.

WATCH OUT FOR THE SKY COPS

by Bob Hudson

The Indiana State Police spot unsuspecting traffic violators from the air using the "giant yardstick" as rule of the road

Exactly 8.2 seconds later the truck crossed another white line. Raney, one hand on the control stick while his other held the watch, checked the elapsed time and consulted a chart on the control panel. He unhooked a mike and put it to his lips.

"Seventy-thirty-two," Raney said:

Trooper Fred Neal in Car 732 up the highway a mile answered.

"There's a black, flat-bed truck, about a '41 model, heading your way," Raney said. "I've timed it at 55."

Neal acknowledged. Raney gunned the Cub's engine, banked the plane into a turn and followed the truck along the highway.

A minute later, Raney saw Neal step out of his parked patrol car and flag the truck to a halt. Raney circled overhead, watching his partner tell the trucker he had been driving ten miles an hour over the truck speed limit.

This actual arrest by the Indiana State Police sky patrol is similar to others which occur every day the weather permits Hoosier State Police to fly. Indiana is a pioneer in this new technique of traffic law enforcement.

Of course, the airplane's role in police work is not new. Many nations have used airplanes to chase criminals and to regulate vehicle traffic.

For about ten years Indiana State Police have used airplanes each Memorial Day to regulate the tremendous traffic flow into the Indianapolis Motor Speedway for the 500-Mile Auto Race.

Two years ago Hoosier state cops tried the plane against truck violations. It worked so well that soon police sent air-ground teams prowling for all types of moving violations.

The first sky patrol "catch" was a 24-year-old woman. She told Trooper Don Gustin, who had waved her to the roadside from his patrol car, that her speedometer had registered "about 50."

Pointing to the State Police airplane circling above, Gustin said: "They say it was 81 miles an hour." Defeated, the woman nodded. She had been trapped in a gigantic yardstick—two broad white lines, one-eighth of a mile apart, on a troublesome stretch of highway.

To foil speed-bent drivers who equip their cars with mirrors rigged to provide a view of the sky, the plane crisscrosses the yardstick.

The pilot cuts his speed to about 70 m.p.h. and flies as low as safety allows, around 800 to 1,000 feet. From here he gets a bird's eye view. The sky cop clocks the interval between white lines. Then he refers

to a table which indicates speeds for different clockings. The pilot radios a trooper in a black patrol car marked with big yellow numerals on top. The pilot describes the violator's vehicle and the violation, and the trooper makes the pinch.

A trucker, stopped by Trooper Malcolm Heuss for going 54 m.p.h. or nine m.p.h. over the speed limit, asked, "Yeah, but how did you know?"

"That bird told me," replied Heuss, motioning toward the circling Cub with the blue State Police shield on its fuselage.

THE STATE HAS posted signs along highways at strategic locations. The signs warn motorists they are watched from cloud level as well as ground level. While the sky patrol's main objective is to halt excessive speeds, this enforcement technique also is aimed at eliminating other hazardous violations such as following too closely, passing on hills and curves, improper turns, failure to observe stop signs, dangerously slow driving and weaving in traffic. In addition, air-ground teams help eliminate dangerous high-speed chases of violators by troopers over crowded rural and suburban roads.

Perhaps most important, a by-product of the sky patrol is to impress on the motorist that he must drive carefully, even when he is not traveling along the gigantic yardstick.

BUY HIGH

An important piece of the taxpayer's puzzle

SELL LOW

by Dick Martinsen

HOW WOULD YOU like to peer at Venus or a *sputnik* through a prismatic refracting telescope with 3¼-inch achromatic objective, interchangeable 10X and 15X large diameter, highly corrected wide-angle eyepieces, and many other high-class features, that cost the U.S. Army \$500? It's yours for precisely \$49.

If you own a camp, how about an electric generator, driven by a Briggs-Stratton gas engine developing 500 watts, that cost the government \$400? It's yours for \$99, in the original box.

Maybe you own a boat and would like a better compass. Just \$12.50 will buy you a compensating variety, built by Bendix to resist shock and hard usage. Eighteen dollars more will get you a navigational compass with horizontal and vertical correctors and built-in light, optimum accuracy guaranteed. Neither compass has been used. It is, in fact, still in the original box and cost the government \$143.

Perhaps you can use a portable

power unit with a rugged 5¼ h.p. four-cycle detachable engine, that cost the Army over \$400? Just plunk down \$65. Or how about a portable air-compressor, which the Navy bought at \$295, after developing it at "tremendous cost"? Yours today, friend, for \$59.95.

These are only a few of the items—the whys and wherefores of which are altogether baffling to the ordinary taxpayer—that have been advertised within the last three months by so-called "surplus" stores in the big cities.

During the war, Army and Navy procurement officers bought everything that wasn't nailed down at fancy prices, and nobody blamed them *much*. The public grew accustomed to giveaway surplus prices, during the postwar years, but we haven't been at war, officially, for quite a while. Yet the flood of alleged surplus, especially embracing high-priced machinery and instruments, is greater than it ever was. The reasons why some of these things were bought to begin

with, and, if bought, why sold so quickly without use and for next to nothing, is a puzzle that would baffle Sherlock Holmes. There's no answer at the Pentagon. You get shunted from door to door and floor to floor. The gobbledygook accumulated over days or weeks all strains down to the same thing: "The stuff is obsolete. We can do better. We don't need it any more."

Obsolete? Let's look at something in the household range. Why in the world would the Navy buy "Casual Sport Shoes," made by the U.S. Rubber Co., with Sperry nonskid soles, for \$5.87 a pair, then turn them loose so cheaply the surplus store price is now \$1.99? What's obsolete about sport shoes? Then there's the matter of five-quart stainless steel pitchers, which won't rust or tarnish. The Navy bought them for \$18 each. The open market price is now \$6.50, or two for \$12. Do pitchers get out-of-date?

Here's another one: the Stevens .22 target rifle with bolt action and five-clip magazine, as fine a weapon as the Stevens people ever made. Using small caliber ammunition in a standard service rifle sounds economical, for practise purposes; but why would the Army or Navy purchase .22's at \$129 per gun, then clear them so cheaply the price is now \$37.50 to you—with a rifle scope thrown in? There has been precious little improvement in the .22 caliber weapon for 50 years.

The surplus stores must get their

profits, remember, and the distributor who clinched the deal with the service branch gets his cut, too, so one shudders to think how much the government actually sold these items for.

A FEW OTHER "surplus" bargains, currently on the market, that don't make sense to most of us, are: all bronze centrifugal pumps (2½-inch intake, 2-inch outlet, 7-inch V-type pulley, 4-inch x 6½-inch mounting base, 180 G.P.M.), that cost the Navy \$98 each, yours for \$45; electric motors, heavy duty waterproof, 115 volt 60 cycle, 2.4 amps, in both ⅓ and ½ horsepower, that cost the Navy \$50 per, but can be yours for \$7.50 and \$8.50 respectively; rifle sighting scopes with built-in lights for night-sighting and achromatic, coated, prismatic lenses, that cost the government \$70 plus—"surplus" now at \$3.95; transit levels with the highest degree of accuracy and many high-class features, that cost the government \$250 each—take one home for a mere \$29.99. Among the minor gadgets, what's so new about electric paint-sprayers that the Navy had to clear its \$8.50-per-item stock so that you can buy them for less than half? Or the \$29.95 power jigsaws (do *they* get obsolete, too?) now offered at \$19.95?

Maybe your Congressman can get you the answers to these questions. Write him a letter and ask him to try.

NATURE'S DEVIL

The scorpion prefers privacy

by Otha C. Spencer

IN THE PREHISTORIC days when Nature was creating the insects and animals of the world, there must have been a few spare parts left over. From these parts a tiny monster was created that was neither animal nor insect. He had the pincers of a crab, the body of a cockroach, spidery legs and a segmented tail with a vicious sting.

Several hundred million years later, a doctor from Ohio was sitting quietly on a ledge in the Davis Mountains of Texas. With his .405 rifle across his legs, he waited for a deer or an elk to cross his sights. This was a hunting trip he would enjoy. Suddenly he threw his gun in the air, let out a wild scream and ran back to camp. "I've been bitten by a rattler," he moaned. A quick inspection revealed that the doctor had come into intimate contact with Nature's devil—the stinging scorpion.

According to scientists, the scorpion is one of the world's oldest creatures. The little monster greets thousands of vacationers each year as they travel through the South and Southwest. Homefolks and tourists alike fear the scorpion for the sting of his whip-like tail and his ominous appearance. He has been found in at least 30 states, but

lives in great numbers only in the warmer, dry climates.

However, even in heavily-infested areas, few people really know much about the scorpion. He is seldom observed by man. Only a few people have studied his habits and still fewer have learned the secrets that make the scorpion one of Nature's most interesting creatures.

Early pioneers, Indians, cowboys, and desert prospectors had respect for the scorpion. Only the rattle snake was a more unpopular inhabitant of the range. Cowboys, living in the open, had a special technique for getting out of the bedroll every morning. The open-air sleeper would slide very carefully from his blanket lest he disturb the scorpions and occasional snakes sleeping under the warm bedroll. Failure to look in boots before putting them on resulted in many a vicious "hotfoot."

Biologically the scorpion is not an insect. He is first cousin to the spider and resembles a small dehydrated crayfish. Averaging about two inches in length, the scorpion has a flat, oval body and a long, segmented tail, famous for its poison tip, always ready for action. In front he has two pincers and under his body are tiny legs which can

move him along at a fast pace. His body seems to have been sculptured from dirty amber and has the translucence of muddy water. The scorpion is a repulsive looking creature and even his name has an evil, villainous connotation, like the dreaded scourge.

From prehistoric times to the present, the scorpion has been feared and respected. The ancients honored him with a place in the Zodiac and gave his name to a constellation in the sky. He is mentioned in the Bible, in Revelations 9:5, "... and their torture was like the torture of a scorpion when it stings a man."

After study of Silurian fossils, formed over 350 million years ago, scientists were convinced that the scorpion roamed the earth 150 million years before the dinosaur. They lived under warm rocks of the tropical regions of a young earth. Since that time, scorpions have not changed their habits or appearance.

Today he makes his home under rocks, in dark corners, in crumbling brick and stone, under piles of lumber, in old books and newspapers, and his occasional presence in bed clothes makes restful sleep uncertain.

After nightfall, scorpions leave their hiding places to prowl across yards, floors and walks. They respect neither the privacy nor insect-proofing of modern homes. If I open my desk drawer to get paper, I can expect Scorpio to be nosing

around my pencils; if I take a walk through the house at night, he will be scurrying along the baseboards or trying desperately to climb the side of the wash basin or bathtub where he has trapped himself; and if I sit on the terrace, I can expect to see no fewer than half a dozen hurrying to meet a friend in some unknown rendezvous.

THERE ARE ABOUT 600 species of scorpions, from the deadly tropical ones to harmless varieties found in less severe climates. By a happy decision of Nature, only two of the 40 species living in the United States are dangerous to man. These are relatives of the terrible Durango scorpion of Central Mexico, and are most often found in Arizona. A few have been reported in West Texas and California.

More than 40 people have died in Arizona from scorpion stings, and 1,600 have died in Mexico. For years the only treatment available was a serum developed by Mexican doctors. This medicine was expensive, hard to get, and often caused severe toxic reactions. In 1951, Dr. Herbert L. Stahnke, director of poisonous animals research at State College, Tempe, Arizona, developed a harmless antivenom. Through its use the death rate has now been reduced to one or two a year. To help develop the antivenom, citizens of Arizona organized a live-scorpion hunt and caught 10,000 specimens for his laboratory.

Now, hospitals in all parts of the infested area have the serum to combat the once-deadly bite.

The two poisonous varieties are the *Centruroides sculpturatus*, and *Centruroides gertschi*. These can cause quick death to children and severe nervous seizures, semiconsciousness, and sometimes death to healthy adults. However, the chance of being bitten by one of these two species is extremely rare, since they are so few in number.

Scorpions are very shy; the belief that they will attack humans is more of a legend than a fact. The scorpion wants to be left alone and will not sting unless molested. Although the scorpion is one of the best equipped of fighters he is afraid of the most delicate insect. He never fights except in the mating season or when trapped, and his common habit is to run when any enemy approaches, but in a life-or-death fight, his tail can whip out and leave its deadly sting quicker than the eye can see. No other poisonous creature can kill so quickly within its own world.

ALTHOUGH ALL living things use food as a source of energy, the scorpion can live for ten to 12 months without food and still show no signs of hunger or poor health. Dr. J. Henri Fabre, famous French scientist, advanced the theory that the body of the scorpion is nourished by solar energy. Just as bats, for centuries, have made use

of radar, and homing pigeons have used magnetic forces for navigation, this creature of the sun-baked desert may be able to transform the sun's heat into living energy.

The scorpion is among the few low creatures to take only one mate. Early in spring, he will select his "wife." Taking her pincers in his, he will guide her off to his den. There the "lovers" may sit motionless for days, hand in hand, making no move and no sound. Periods of "courtship" may be broken by a "waltz" as they walk with locked pincers, the male moving backward and the female following.

Mating is the last living deed of the "husband." While still near his mate, the male is killed by his "wife" and eaten.

The young are born alive from the mother's body, in tiny sacs, much the same as a human infant. Immediately after birth, the mother patiently and carefully rips open each sac with her pincers, removing each small white baby scorpion, and hoisting it to her back. She will bear from 40 to 60. After a two-week period of riding, the babies shed their skins, leave their mother and go into the world.

The scorpion is a product of the desert. He asks to be left alone, and to those who invade his privacy, he gives quick and painful punishment. His body holds many secrets of Nature, which he protects with a shy personality and a reluctant—but very effective—weapon.

KHRUSHCHEV'S AFRICAN ★ FOOTHOLD

*Guinea's Sekou Toure
must swing Left
to retain leadership*

by George S. Schuyler

THERE WERE HEARTY chuckles in the Kremlin last September when General DeGaulle decreed the total independence of Guinea, following its vote of 1,136,000 to 57,000 against the new French constitution. Nowhere in black Africa have the Communists had it so good, nor Red agitators fanned anti-white-ism more fervidly, nor are the recently enfranchised masses more rigidly organized behind a dedicated Leftist leader.

The 36-year-old Sekou Toure is the undisputed boss. He is the grandson of Samory, great native ruler of the 1890's. Unlike other French African leaders, he had not been to France until elected Deputy in 1956; he had, more importantly, made the traditional pilgrimage to Moscow. As far back as 1945, he attended the Institute of Economic (sic) Studies in Prague and he was once on the executive board of the World Federation of Free Trade Unions. The General Union of Black African Workers (UGTAN) which he has headed since 1952,

was until recently an arm of the Communist-controlled Workers General Confederation of France (CGT) which belonged to the WFTU, deserted by the American, British, Dutch and other free labor movements in 1950 because of its Kremlin control.

The UGTAN is militantly active throughout all French Africa. Its members are mostly transportation and dock workers, clerical and government employees, who are thoroughly indoctrinated in Red philosophy and tactics. In late April, M. Sekou Toure boasted to this reporter that UGTAN had won all strikes it launched. This is easy to believe. It is actually the other face of his powerful RDA (*Reassemblément*

Democratique Africaine or African Democratic Rally) Party and is more loyal to its leader than to any orthodox trade union principles. An 800,000 member catch-all union, its influence is all the greater in an overwhelmingly rural society.

As large as New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut combined, with 2,261,857 inhabitants (8,000 whites), Guinea is a heavily-forested land, almost inaccessible in part, and unknown to outside civilization. But the free world will become increasingly, perhaps painfully, aware of it. It touches and will influence people in many adjacent countries and colonies. There are numerous tribes, the most powerful being the Fulas and Sosos, long at loggerheads and given to frequent clashes.

THE COUNTRY is governed by the RDA, which was founded by Left-Wing African politicians at Bamako, French Sudan, in 1946, and has rapidly spread to all French territories. The Guinea wing of the RDA is the *Bloc Africain de Guinee*, the most extreme of all. It has supplanted the moderate socialist *Action Democratique et Sociale* party as the dominant political group, and its rule has been characterized by numerous political struggles, tribal conflicts and riots which reduced the French Administration to merely trying to keep order. When black ministerial government was introduced early in

1957 under the *loi cadre* which granted universal suffrage throughout French Africa, it did not help matters. A score were killed in riots in Conakry, the capital, last April.

In 1956, the extreme RDA Leftists formed the *Groupes d'Etudes Communistes*. Sekou Toure promptly incorporated this Red wing into the territorial RDA and immediately adopted its main propaganda themes: higher pay for African workers on *European* plantations and nationalization of mining and electricity firms. This Communist spearhead referred to the recurrent riots as "manifestations of the oppressed proletariat against a Negro bourgeoisie sold to the colonialists," a pointed warning to both whites and moderate Negro leaders.

The RDA with its 1,000 party sections spotted throughout the land, is organized in a Tammany-like manner. Its agitators systematically have undermined the chiefs' power by making deep inroads among the restless youth and long-subordinated women. These traditional rulers have had to knuckle under and embrace so-called social reforms, including redistribution of land among their former serfs. This is the customary first step toward collective farms. Sekou Toure and his henchmen are forever ranting against tribalism, as are the other African leaders, who see it as a threat to their dictatorial aspirations.

Ensconced in a modernistic, air-conditioned suite of offices that

would satisfy the most discriminating AFL-CIO boss or Wall Street tycoon, the young Mayor of Conakry, is an impressive figure. Tall, black, shrewd and canny, he is largely uneducated but far from unintelligent.

SINCE THE yearly exports of Guinea total only \$25 million, and 55 per cent of its production is coffee, cocoa, bananas and peanuts (all glutting the world market), he understandably desires foreign development of the rich iron, bauxite and diamond deposits. A foreign consortium has obligingly agreed to invest \$500 million in a dam across the Konkoure River, a hydro-electric plant to convert bauxite into aluminum, a 90-mile railroad from mines to docks, and homes for 4,000 workers. Controlling 53 per cent of the stock of this Anglo-Franco-Swiss combine is the Olin Mathieson Company (U.S.A.). The latter recently was seeking guarantees from our International Cooperation Administration. Whether or not this group will continue its operations is problematical, although it is understood to be pressuring De Gaulle to make a deal with the Guinea rulers.

Behind Sekou Toure they must consider the Communistic subordinates, of whom he is probably a captive. They have loudly demanded that Guinea must get rid of the many trained whites in ad-

ministrative and economic posts. In this endeavor they are using to political advantage the swarm of unemployed—and as yet unemployable—youths concentrated in the towns. The Big Boss *must* move farther to the Left to retain leadership.

Confirming the magnitude of this pressure, Sekou Toure in November announced federation with newly-independent Ghana, a state of alien language and culture 350 miles distant at the closest points. This fits in with the schemes of Ghana's Socialist Prime Minister. Kwame Nkrumah, one-time carrier of a British Communist Party card; a demagogue with a Napoleon complex who dreams of a West African empire as did Sekou Toure's grandfather. Nkrumah has promised \$28,000,000 credit to Guinea (which has always been in the red financially as it is now politically) pending approval by the two rubber stamp legislatures.

Both black rulers are begging the West's bankers for hundreds of millions of dollars to develop national resources; but they will also welcome money from Moscow, their first love. Sekou Toure is the more impatient of the two because the situation in his impoverished country is more precarious than elsewhere in West Africa and demands immediate action. His lieutenants will see that he turns down no loans from the Kremlin, and Khrushchev knows it.

WHEN A FRAIL, sickly young man carrying a large carpetbag, walked into Tontine's Coffee House at Pearl and Mill Street in New York City, one day in 1837, opportunity was there to greet him. After finishing his coffee, the youth entered the adjoining news room, owned by James W. Hale.

"I am William F. Harnden," the boy introduced himself, "I understand, Mr. Hale, that you are an authority on travel information and I'm wondering if you can help me. I was forced to resign my position with the Boston and Worcester Railroad, due to my failing health. I must find an outside job."

"I believe I can help you, at least for the present," was Hale's reply, "I know a fellow who wants to send a package

the New York end, while he remained in Boston to meet the Cunard Steamers, which brought him goods and messages to be forwarded to New York.

In 1840, Harnden expanded to Albany, New York. There he placed Henry Wells as agent, to handle goods coming from New York and west from Boston. Soon Wells began to urge his employer to expand further westward but Harnden was more interested in developing his express business abroad than in pioneering on the prairies, and with contacts in almost every principal city in Europe he prospered until his death in 1845.

The impatient and enterprising Wells decided to penetrate the prairies on his own. In 1841, he left Harnden's company and, with George Pomeroy, or-

THE COFFEE BREAK THAT MADE HISTORY

by Louise Cheney

to Providence and can't take the time to deliver it in person. Want to deliver it for him?"

William Harnden carried the package to Providence and delivered it. On that trip he decided that he had found an opportunity for permanent work and livelihood. He started delivering packages for all who wished such service and charged what he thought each trip was worth. Soon he was delivering goods worth thousands of dollars in the form of expensive jewelry and bonds. At first his conveyance was his half-bushel carpetbag but, so fast did his new business grow, it became necessary to use trunks.

The *Boston Transcript* wrote in laudatory terms of the new enterprise and the young man who had started it, praising his honesty, promptness and dependability. In a short time the business increased in volume to such an extent that Harnden took in a partner, Dexter Brigham, whom he placed in charge of

organized George Pomeroy and Company's Albany and Buffalo Express, which traveled by train to Auburn, then by stage to Geneva, then again by train to Rochester, again by stage to Lockport and on to Buffalo. Wells then took Crawford Livingston into the company and the express was called Livingston, Wells and Pomeroy.

During this time he hired a young express messenger, hard riding and dependable, by the name of William Fargo. In a few years, Fargo was given a one-third interest in the company and assigned the job of opening up the country west of Buffalo. Soon he had stage lines running to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. In 1852 was organized Wells Fargo and Company, which was destined to help push the frontiers westward to the Pacific, writing its name with hoofs and wheels across the face of the continent, while becoming a part of the history and legend of the West.

IS OUR CIVIL DEFENSE OBSOLETE?

by Robert LeRoy Bradt

ONCE EACH YEAR, I go quietly to the nearest Internal Revenue office, pick up my tab for national defense, foreign aid, farm subsidization and what have you, and comfort myself—as I view my tax deficit balance—with the thought that I am at least playing the part of a proud and patriotic American.

Of late, an element of doubt has disturbed my complacency. It began when a young consultant in the Internal Revenue office rewrote my income tax return for me. By simply insisting that I had not proved I supported two teen-aged children, he quickly changed my status from that of a \$38 creditor of the government to a \$200 debtor.

If it's the part of good citizenship to take another \$238 deduction from my annual income, and keep smiling, I'll go along. If it's vital to the security of this nation—and to the survival of human freedom—I have no alternative.

But am I, like millions of other American taxpayers, being gullible

and too trusting about this business of *buying* security? Is it good citizenship to hand docilely a fourth of my income to the government in the form of tangible and "hidden" taxes on the bland, if unsupported, assumption that I am getting honest value for my tax dollars?

The taxpaying American public is picking up an annual defense tab of more than 40 billion dollars without the slightest actual understanding of the kind of defense this nation needs against Communism—or the kind it is paying for.

The nuclear phases of our defense problem, intercontinental missiles and outer space developments are strictly for the experts. In these particular fields the taxpayers must leave the decisions to men who are presumed to know some of the answers. In many circles, however, there has been a definite change of thinking about defense policy.

It has never been my belief that the Communists would try to destroy or even conquer this nation

from the air. Why should they run the risk of certain retaliation when they have never yet failed to attain their goals through political trickery and subversion? I think more and more of our ablest military minds are giving some thought to this conclusion. I think still more of them might be were it not that their careers and quite lucrative salaries depend essentially upon the importance attached to their particular phases of our defense problem.

This deduction prompts me to ask if someone—or anyone—in authority can tell me exactly what the Federal Civil Defense Administration is doing to assure this nation's internal security. That is the primary function of this comparatively new government agency; and, perhaps, its only real reason for continuance.

It isn't my inclination to criticize our government. But it is not reassuring to discover that a large portion of your annual income supports obsolete civil defense measures. Here are a few things I learned about the Federal Civil Defense Administration and the protection we thought we were buying.

FCDA was established by Congress in 1950. Its first annual operating budget was something like \$20 million. The agency was intended to provide or designate bomb shelters for the civilian populace and to prepare evacuation blueprints in case of an atomic attack. There *was*

a possibility of an atomic attack in 1950 and 1951. Even the most powerful atom bomb in existence then would have wiped out no more than half, perhaps, of a city's population. Bomb shelters and effective evacuation procedure could have saved countless lives. But scarcely two years later, in 1953, President Eisenhower himself was telling a UN assembly: "Atomic weapons today are more than 25 times as powerful as the weapons with which the atomic age dawned. Even 25 times would increase a 20-kiloton bomb to one of a 500-kiloton yield." And, with even greater gravity the President added: "Hydrogen bombs are in the ranges of millions of tons of TNT equivalent."

IN THE six years that have elapsed, hydrogen bombs of infinitely more devastating power and fury have been perfected. Intercontinental missiles, capable of carrying atomic warheads, have been developed. Obviously the day of the plane spotter, the haphazard bomb shelter and the orderly evacuation of populations from bombed cities are safety precautions of a fast-receding past.

Has anyone told this to the Federal Civil Defense Administration? Is anyone going to tell them unless it is you and I—the trusting taxpayers who are paying 124 titled officials and assistants of the FCDA their salaries. No mistake about it, these salaries are not insignificant items.

Administrator Val Peterson of the FCDA drew a salary of \$17,500 in 1951. By 1957 this had been increased to \$21,000 annually. And the paychecks of virtually every one of the department directors and deputies under him had also been increased substantially.

As mentioned previously, the department's operating budget in 1950 was \$20 million. By 1956 this had been increased to an annual operating allowance of some \$68 million. In 1951, the total allowance for all personal services of the department was less than \$1,000,000. By 1957, it had reached an annual figure of \$7,364,466.00. The estimated figure for 1958 for personal services is \$8,592,616.00 and for 1959, \$10,116,567.00.

YEAR BY YEAR, the cost of maintaining this special and, to my mind, superfluous civil defense agency, is rising by millions. The function for which it was established is a forlorn, almost forgotten, one. Yet we are spending almost \$70 million annually to support a defense agency, dedicated, apparently, to the unchanging belief that blueprints and bomb shelters and the periodical whine of an air raid siren will protect us from the threat of a Communist attack.

Some years ago, the late Senator Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota was asked to give his views on international defense policies. What he said, in substance, was this: Let's not try

to make this nation the arsenal of Democracy for the entire world. Let's make it the *citadel* of Democracy. Let's make this nation so impregnable within its borders that no power will dare attack us.

That, of course, was isolationism. Few of us believe, even now, that the United States can afford to pursue that policy. But I believe that it is here, on the home front, where our ultimate life and death struggle with the overwhelming forces of Communism will be won—or lost.

With this thought in mind I wrote the Department of Army Ordnance in January of 1955 inquiring if surplus military equipment could be obtained for volunteer home defense units. I was advised that such equipment could be sold, leased or loaned to private citizens, or a group of private citizens. However, said the letter from the Ordnance Department, "since the Federal Civil Defense Administration is charged with the supply of equipment for civil defense, your suggestion should be referred to that administrator."

From the office of Administrator Val Peterson of the FCDA, to whom I directed my next inquiry, came this reply, in part: "Suppressing civil disturbances is primarily the responsibility of State and local law enforcement agencies. Should a civil disturbance become of such proportions that law enforcement agencies find themselves unable to cope with it alone, the State Na-

tional Guard or the State Guard would be called upon to deal with the situation. If the situation warranted still more assistance, the Governor could call for Federal military aid."

I KNOW LITTLE about military tactics and strategy. But *this* I think anyone of average intelligence *should* know. If Russia decides to launch an all-out attack against the free world, there will be no Federal troops or National Guard units for the governors to call upon. Every unit of our regular army and National Guard forces will be engaged with the task of holding the hordes of Communism on our outer perimeter. Russia will see to that. And unless we have a trained and well-equipped army of volunteer defenders to combat sabotage and subversion in our major centers of population, this lack of precaution may well be tragic.

I had hoped that the Federal Civil Defense Administration might have started doing something along this line to justify its \$70 million operating budget.

In its report for the year 1957, the FCDA states that stockpiling of materials, *mainly medical*, have involved an expenditure of \$172,148,000 of public funds from 1950 through 1956. Of this amount, approximately \$163,000,000 has been used for *medical supplies* and something like \$7,000,000 for *engineering supplies*. *Nothing*, so far as I

could determine, *for machine guns, grenades, bazookas and other defense equipment that would be needed by volunteer home defense units in a time of domestic crisis.*

In its report for 1957, the FCDA also points out proudly that it has provided instruction in civil defense police functions and problems to groups in 14 cities. "Some 1,824 people had participated in these institutes as of June 30, 1956," the report states. However, it quickly amends, "these were chiefly police officers, sheriffs, auxiliary police, regional civil defense officials and military personnel."

We are spending \$70 million annually to support a department that can find little more useful to do than to instruct an undermanned and overworked police organizations in duties it would have neither the facilities nor manpower to perform if a national emergency were to arise.

Do you wonder why more and more citizens have grave concern for our future safety when we find that the agencies of government we are counting upon to safeguard our internal security are doing little or nothing to warrant our confidence in their efficiency?

Isn't it time to do something about it—if nothing else, to write our Congressmen, demanding that the Federal Civil Defense Administration either become an effective custodian of this nation's internal security—or be abolished.

PRIVATE WAR ON COMMUNISM

by B. CARROLL REECE

U. S. Representative from Tennessee

**Events in eastern Europe are recalled as a warning
against complacency on the part of many Americans**

IN THE LATE 1920's an ordinary debate in the Czechoslovakia Parliament degenerated into a near riot. The Communist leaders jeered at their opponents, refused to listen to any proposal other than their own, and indulged in wholesale violence as a means of intimidation.

An anti-Communist, meeting Clement Gottwald, Communist leader, outside the hall, asked: "Just what do you Communists really want, anyway? Why are you always so embittered and unreasonable? Why are you against everything and why do you refuse to compromise on even the least important matters?"

Then, before the belligerent Gottwald could reply, the anti-Communist threw the \$64 question at him. "What," he demanded, "would you do if you were in the majority instead of being in the minority?"

Gottwald had the answer for that

one. "When we take power," he snarled, "we shall hang you, you scoundrell!"

The anti-Communist was stunned. "Surely you don't mean that?"

"I mean precisely that!" Gottwald threatened. "We intend to hang all you bourgeoisie and blood-suckers."

The rest of the story is history. Twenty years later the Communists seized power in Czechoslovakia, rounded up their enemies, and rushed them off to concentration camps. Thousands of them—labor leaders, army officers, businessmen, and intellectuals—have not been heard of to this day. Presumably they were murdered on the ground that they were bourgeoisie and blood-suckers.

That is Communism in action.

"But," thousands of well-meaning Americans will tell you, "that could never happen in America.

The American Communist is a different brand. He could never resort to such methods."

What do the Communists themselves have to say on this subject? Perhaps William Z. Foster is as definite an example as we can cite. In his book, *Toward Soviet America*, he answers this question with such frankness that even the dullest-witted do-gooder cannot fail to comprehend its full significance. Foster wrote:

"The American revolution, when the workers have finally seized power, will develop even more swiftly in all of its phases than has the Russian revolution. This is because in the United States objective conditions are more ripe for revolution than they were in old Russia."

But Foster did not stop at that. He added: "All capitalist parties—Republican, Democrat, Progressive, Socialist, etc.—will be liquidated, the Communist Party functioning alone as the party of the toiling masses." Does that have a familiar ring? Does it bear a close resemblance to Clement Gottwald's threat to the anti-Communists in Czechoslovakia?

THIS is the Communists' plan. It is the blueprint to be followed when the day comes for them to take over America. What can you—the ordinary man or woman in the street—do about this threat?

First, you must realize that merely being "against Communism" is

not enough. You must do better than that if you are to become a vital force in saving America from the fate of Czechoslovakia.

What shall you do? Here are a few suggestions:

1. Understand the subject.

The American Bar Association in its Brief on Communism says: "There is widespread ignorance and confusion throughout the United States concerning the nature of Communism and the objects and purposes of those people in this country and elsewhere who embrace and follow Communist teachings."

In order that you may be certain of your facts, you must read authoritative publications regarding Communism: *The American Legion Magazine*, *The American Mercury*, *National Republic*, *Reader's Digest*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and a few other periodicals which publish objective articles on this important subject.

You should listen to statesmen fired with patriotic zeal, read the publications of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Internal Security, and other Congressional organizations which are engaging in this all-out struggle against Communism, the Battle of the Century.

In your reading you will learn that Communists and their vast corps of secret allies are tireless missionaries. They never waste their effort trying to convince or convert

each other, but are continually working to seduce and subvert outsiders.

THIS GIVES you a valuable cue: become an equally fervent and tireless missionary for Americanism. Never let a day pass but what you attempt to persuade those who seem less dedicated than you to the American Way of Life. You will do this by sharing with others the information you have obtained—the tragedies of Communism, the glories of Americanism.

2. Be an effective citizen.

Take an active and intelligent interest in your local, civic, state and national affairs. Follow your state's legislative and congressional activities. Remember, you are a free citizen of a republic—not a helpless subject of an all-powerful state. Act the part.

3. Be an opinion-maker.

You will find the Communists and their secret allies have infiltrated every strata of our society—PTA, powerful national organizations, and even some churches. The comrades may have their representatives in your lodge, community, and even in your small local clubs. These people try to direct the activities of every group. They offer suggestions, persist in their opinions, and absolutely refuse to compromise.

There is but one way to deal with them: refuse to agree with them in any detail whatsoever. See

to it that you, and others who are thoroughly American, make the opinions, rules, and regulations of your lodge, church, and community.

4. Expose Communists.

The thing which Communists fear most is exposure. This is because it isolates them from the rest of the population. And isolation, the Communists know full well, means death to their most effective weapon—the fifth column.

"How," you ask, "can the ordinary man in the street do this?"

The process is simple. First [he can] recognize the Communist; second, lead others to that realization. It is relatively easy for one to learn the ingredients of Communism. He then is in a position to decide that a given individual is or is not Communist.

But step two is more difficult. Here is the way the astute citizen proceeds in this aspect of fighting Communism: "Never say," counsels a noted authority on this subject, "that some one is a Communist. Instead, cite evidence which will lead others to the inevitable conclusion."

He illustrates thus: "If," he says, "I point to a two-legged, befeathered waterfowl the size and shape of a duck and call attention to its webbed feet, to the fact that it quacks like a duck, that it swims like a duck, eats like a duck and associates with ducks, the average fair-minded American will conclude that the waterfowl is a duck."

THAT is an effective way of operating. It enables the other fellow to come to his own conclusion. Your job is to supply the evidence. There is no better way of exposing Communists.

5. Attend and support your church.

It is generally known that Communists are frantically and militantly atheistic. "We Communists," Earl Browder has said, "do not distinguish between good and bad religions because we think they are all bad."

"Is there," you ask in complete sincerity, "really a danger that some churches are helping Communism?"

J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, has this to say on the subject: "I confess to a real apprehension so long as Communists are able to secure ministers of the gospel to promote their evil work . . ." In other words even among the clergy, you will find individuals who, knowingly or not, are working for Communism. Your job, then, as a disciple of Americanism, is to identify these subversives no matter who or where they may be and to expose them.

How? By applying the very same principles to your church-going acquaintances that you apply to your office colleagues, lodge brothers, and neighbors. The fact that one is a church member—or an official in the church—certainly is no guarantee that he is an American. In fact,

some of the most dangerous Communists in this country are respected members of various churches.

6. Examine your schools.

"Give us the child for eight years," Lenin announced years ago, "and it will be a Bolshevik forever." To that end the Communists have planned for your child in the name of education.

"They mean to take him from the nursery, put him in uniform with the hammer and sickle flag in one hand, a gun in the other, and send him out to conquer the world," reports the House Committee on Un-American Activities. "If they have their way, he will be guided from the kindergarten straight through college so that he will have anything except a mind of his own. He will be trained but not educated. He will be taught to solve problems that are handed to him and to consider it a crime to think for himself. He will be the child-man of Communism."

The alarming thing is that this is happening in some elementary and secondary schools, in our colleges and universities. Some of the most effective Communists in this country have been teachers.

What can you do about the situation?

Plenty! Simply apply the same yardstick to the schools and teachers that you used with others. Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

Learn what the schools are saying regarding history, economics, social welfare. What do the teachers say about international Communism? What do these teachers say about Americanism? Is it an outdated philosophy of government or something to be prized above all else?

If you find that a teacher is selling America short, expose him. It is a part of an American teacher's duty, especially today, to instill in the pupil's mind a deep and well-founded love for the American Way of Life. Any teacher who fails to do that comes under the closest scrutiny. Watch him.

7. Preach Americanism.

It is true that you are but one person. You may feel that you are not too important. And consequently, you may think that there is little you can do, personally, to fight Communism.

However, you must remember that no matter who or what you are, you are free to take an individual stand on this subject. You can make sure that, every day, through your words and actions, you preach Americanism. And there are more than 170,000,000 people in the United States today. In view of these facts, can there be any doubt but that you and you and you are a tremendous force?

To adopt this attitude does not mean that you will indulge in a continual flag-waving act. But it does mean that, in your contacts with colleagues in the office, lodge, church, union, and community, you will unwaveringly advocate the principles of free speech and religious freedom, of free enterprise and free elections, equality, justice, trial by jury, and majority rule.

THESE are the ingredients of Americanism. These are the elements which Communism would destroy and Americanism must preserve.

YOUR ROLE IN THIS DRAMA CAN HARDLY BE OVERESTIMATED. YOU REALLY ARE THE VERY KEYSTONE OF AMERICANISM.

Here, then is a statement of what you, the individual, can do in this world-shaking struggle between international Communism and Americanism. Here are the principles, the steps which you must take if you wish to become an effective soldier of the greatest conflict the world has known. Here, in short, is the blueprint for your private war on Communism. See that you use it well. —from *National Republic* September, 1958

Another thing about Sunday drivers: they're out practicing every day around rush-hours.

—CHARLES RUFFING

solve

ENGINEERING?

GOVERNMENT?

BUSINESS?

ADVERTISING?

PUBLISHING?

LAW?

AVIATION?

EDUCATION?

MEDICINE?

your

teenager's

career

problems

Is YOUR teenager having career trouble? Does Junior, or Junior Miss, wake up on Monday determined to become an engineer, switch to journalism on Wednesday, and wind up as a research chemist on Friday? Do you know which career is right for your child? Are you staggered by the high cost of specialized schooling?

Thousands of families are finding the answers every year—with minimum strain on nerves and pocketbook. It's done through cooperative education. Although these "earn-learn" programs are offered in almost 2,000 high schools and 62 colleges from coast to coast, few parents know they even exist.

Here's how they work: Junior is first given an aptitude test by a coordinator, who is a high school teacher specially trained for this work. Although the test does not pinpoint a specific career, it does reveal the type of work for which your child is best-suited.

One test, the Kuder Preference record, measures interest in nine areas: mechanical, computational, scientific, persuasive, artistic, literary, musical, social service, clerical. If Junior rates high in mechanics, he has a wide choice of jobs—ranging from auto mechanic to aircraft technician. Say he decides to try his hand at engineering; after you approve this choice, the school arranges for a job.

Your child will go to school four hours every morning and work in

by Harold B. Jacobson

an engineering office from one to five every school day. The coordinator draws up a job-instruction course, and will visit Junior every two weeks. Junior will receive one credit towards graduation for every 400 hours of work—and will get paid for it.

What kind of jobs can Junior pre-test?

At Santa Barbara High School in California, "co-ops" work as newspaper reporters, architects, furriers, bankers, clergymen. One senior worked for the county District Attorney. He did his job so well, the DA gave him a certificate of merit and promised him a job as an assistant DA when he is graduated from law school.

In New York City, students work as nurses, fashion designers, dieticians. One boy works on intricate mechanical parts used in guided missiles; another assists an experimental designer of sewing machines; still another works with electronically controlled machine tools.

At Hastings High in Nebraska, "co-ops" work as draftsmen, theatre managers, auto mechanics, window trimmers, radio announcers.

HOW MUCH will Junior earn? Generally, the minimum wage is a dollar an hour. Some schools in California and New York peg wages at the "going rate" if that happens to be higher. Most "co-ops" work a "four-four" program—four

hours in school and four hours at work. Normally, Junior should earn at least 20 dollars every week. He will also receive other "hidden" wages. Among these are social security; workmen's compensation; hospitalization; health, accident, and medical insurance; discount privileges, Christmas bonuses.

When can Junior start earning while he's learning? There is no minimum age—but most schools start their work experience programs in the second or third year of high school. Of course, all schools carefully observe all federal, state, and city child labor laws.

What about school work? Are you afraid Junior's grades will slip? Stop worrying. In fact, he will probably raise his marks. Here's what Dr. William Jansen said when he was Superintendent of Schools of New York City: "Studies support the contention that work experience properly selected and supervised, tends to increase the student's interest in school, and thereby is a positive factor in raising his school marks."

Work experience programs also prevent costly career mistakes. The California Department of Education warns that "it may not be until after several years of college that young people for the first time discover that the profession is not to their liking. At this point, a change in career choice will be both costly and time consuming." Earn-

learn programs insure you against such loss of time and money. If Junior doesn't like the work he's doing, the coordinator will switch him to another job.

Gordon wanted a career in hotel management. Through school, he got a job on the lowest rung of the hotel management ladder—as a bell-hop. He liked the work, got along well with people, and was often complimented on the way he handled complaints. But there was one drawback. He had to do much night work, and his hours were irregular. He tired quickly, caught colds easily, and found the schedule bad for his health.

Back at school, he discussed the problem with his coordinator. The teacher told Gordon that he had a high aptitude in public-contact type of work, and that there were many other jobs in this area. After considering several other jobs in this classification, Gordon took a job in a department store. He stayed on after graduation, and received several promotions.

Fred Acito, graduate of New York's Textile High School, as a student worked as a messenger in the receiving department of Macy's, world's largest department store. After service in the Navy, he returned to Macy's. Soon he was manager of the packing and cashier department, employing hundreds of workers.

Cyrus R. Osborn, vice-president of General Motors, also started to

work for GM while he was a "co-op" in Cincinnati. Others have gone on to successful careers in law, medicine, and business with the start they received through co-operative education.

Mrs. Edna Scheeler of Richmond Hill, New York, sent two sons through Newton High on the work-experience plan. "The money Charles and Roland earned under this program," Mrs. Scheeler said, "made it possible for them to go on to college." Charles, graduated from Adelphi College, is now an accountant. Roland is finishing a business course at City College.

A SURVEY last year revealed that the average college tuition costs \$720—ten years ago it was \$415—and more than one out of every four colleges polled already have introduced an increase this semester. You can take some of this pressure off the family pocketbook by sending Junior to one of the 62 colleges offering work experience courses. Twenty-two thousand students attend these "earn-learn" colleges every year.

Typical is Georgia Tech's "co-op" program in Atlanta, Georgia. Expenses for each quarter, which includes tuition, lodging, board, books, and laundry, comes to about \$350. Freshmen at Georgia Tech earn an average of \$240 a month, with upperclassmen earning slightly more. Students work six months a year, and just about cover ex-

penses—with an assist from home for clothes and extras.

Where possible, work is secured near home so you can save the expense of room and board. College "co-ops" generally have three weeks of vacation a year—one at Christmas, and two during the summer.

At most colleges, students work during alternate semesters, but programs are flexible. Students may spend as much as half the school year on jobs thousands of miles from the campus. For example, Antioch College in Ohio sent a co-ed to work in a country school in Florida; another student worked as a lecturer in a Chicago museum; and one boy worked as a technical assistant in a New York hospital.

NOT ALL high school graduates go on to college. In fact, 80 per cent of them go to work. With rising unemployment, and prospects for a continued recession, these graduates are in for a rough time in the labor market.

Getting a job is not so difficult for a "co-op" graduate. For one thing, many "co-ops" stay on the same job after they graduate. If they don't, they have something more to offer an employer than a high school diploma. They now have

some important work experience.

Johnny went to the Midway Manufacturing Company for a job after he was graduated from high school. "It's a company policy to hire only young people who have had some experience," the personnel director told him. "We don't have time to teach you how to work." Bill, Johnny's younger brother, was not going to let this happen to him. He went to his school counselor, got started on a cooperative education course, and had no trouble in getting a job after graduation.

If the high school in your town does not have an "earn-learn" program, you can start the ball rolling. Here are some points that will sell your high school principal or board of education on the idea: "Co-ops" will relieve classroom overcrowding—a serious problem in many schools today. The cost of setting up the program, fully equipped, can be under a thousand dollars. Federal funds are available to help pay the cost in many cases. Your state department of education will cooperate in planning the program.

Cooperative education could solve your teenager's career problems and give your family budget a well-needed rest at the same time.

Please see the following page for a list of colleges and universities offering cooperative education courses.

COLLEGES OFFERING COOPERATIVE EDUCATION COURSES

Those marked E offer course only in Engineering

Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.—E
 University of California, Los Angeles 24, Cal.—E
 University of California, Berkeley 4, Cal.—E
 Los Angeles State College, 855 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles 29, Cal.
 University of Denver, Denver 10, Colorado.
 University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida.—E
 Georgia Institute of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.—E
 University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
 Blackburn College, Carlinville, Illinois.
 Technology Center, Chicago 16, Illinois.—E
 Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois—E
 Evansville College, Evansville 4, Indiana
 Berea College, Kentucky
 University of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky.
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge 39, Mass.—E
 Northeastern University, 360 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.
 University of Detroit, 4001 West McNichols Rd. Detroit 21, Mich.—E
 General Motors Institute, Flint, Mich.
 University of Minnesota, Minneapolis 14, Minn.—E
 Park College, Parkville, Missouri.
 University of Omaha, Omaha, Nebraska.
 Broome County Technical Institute, Binghamton, N. Y.—E
 City College of New York, 17 Lexington Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
 Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.—E
 Erie County Technical Institute, 1685 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo 7, N. Y.
 New York City Community College, 300 Pearl St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
 Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.—E
 Rochester Institute of Technology, 65 Plymouth Ave., S. Rochester 8, N. Y.
 Westchester Community College, 155 Battle Ave., White Plains, N. Y.
 University of Akron, Akron 4, Ohio—E
 Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.
 University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Fenn College, Cleveland 15, Ohio.
 Ohio Mechanics Institute, Central & Walnut Ave., Cincinnati 10, Ohio—E
 Drexel Institute of Technology, 32nd & Chestnut St., Philadelphia 4, Penn.
 Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Penn.—E
 University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Penn.—E
 Saint Joseph's College, 54th St. & City Line, Phila., Penn.—E
 Wyomissing Polytechnic Institute, Wyomissing, Penn.—E
 University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
 University of Houston, 3801 Cullen Blvd., Houston 4, Texas.
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"OLD POISON"

nemesis of the con men

The remarkable career of a Post Office Inspector

by Karl Baarslag

SHORTLY before World War II, a middle-aged couple drove across George Washington Bridge on a honeymoon trip to Florida. The groom, Herbert Graham, was a United States Post Office Inspector. As soon as the car had cleared the bridge the bridegroom pulled the car off the road. Graham reached into a pocket and pulled out a fistful of police-type "wanted men" mugs.

Handing them to his bride, he remarked in a monotone, "Look these over, Loretta. We'll be staying at different hotels in Florida, and you might spot some of these faces in the lobbies or on the street." Taken aback by this unusual request, the bride quickly recovered, and, as the car rolled on to Florida, she studied the mugs of "The Deafy Tailor," the "Rocky Mountain Goat," "George The Greek," and 50 or more of Inspector Graham's wanted confidence men.

Loretta Graham knew that she had married the world's outstanding authority on con men but she had hardly expected that her honeymoon would be spent chasing lamsters. Nor did she know that the underworld of "Big Con" had its

own nickname for her husband—"Old Poison." Herbert Graham's job as U. S. Post Office Inspector was also his hobby, avocation, and his entire life—putting slick-working confidence men behind the bars.

Yet outside of the underworld of "Big Con," a handful of law enforcement officers, and his own immediate family it is doubtful that a hundred Americans ever heard of Graham's remarkable work. Inspector Graham, who died five years ago, had saved thousands of citizens from being swindled out of millions of dollars by keeping many of the country's leading con men in prison. I first met Graham in 1938 when I was gathering material for a book on the little-known PO Inspection Service. The Chief Inspector, Kildroy P. Aldrich, suggested that, for a glimpse into the strange sub-world of confidence games, I go to New York to see Herbert Graham. Mr. Aldrich added with a quizzical smile, "That is, if you can get Herb Graham to talk, which I doubt."

Graham had a reputation for extreme reticence even among usually close-mouthed postal inspectors,

and he had little time for newspapermen or writers. Graham hardly looked the part of a remorseless Javert. A fine, high forehead with sparse grey hair fringing a nearly bald head gave him a benign and mild-mannered appearance. There certainly was nothing of the hard-boiled conventional sleuth of movies or cartoon strips.

It was not until one looked squarely into his cold grey eyes that the relentless implacability of a Javert was disclosed. Graham had spent 20 years on the cold trail of one fugitive confidence man, before he finally caught him. Like the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Inspector Graham had a record of always catching his man.

One of his hobbies was scanning New York hotel registers on Saturdays, Sundays, and evenings after work. He knew that all big con men came to New York sooner or later. He had an uncanny faculty for remembering handwriting, no matter how well disguised.

After years of scanning hotel registers, Inspector Graham spotted the handwriting of a confidence man he had been looking for 20 years. With only this slenderest of clues, he tracked down the lamster to a small California town. The "wanted man" was a respected citizen and his wife was prominent in church work. Graham arrested and brought him to trial and a conviction.

Getting a story out of Inspector Graham was a formidable under-

taking. He never discussed pending cases. My complete ignorance of the whole complex subject of "Big Con" was another handicap, and to make matters still more difficult Graham mumbled. He spoke almost entirely in con men's argot. Entire sentences were often meaningless to me until I studied a glossary of the confusing slang used by confidence men.

AT THIS POINT it might be well to define "Big Con." Also known as the "Pay Off Game" or "Gondorf Racket", "Big Con" is any scheme whereby a victim is neatly and painlessly fleeced out of 50 or 100 thousand dollars in one smooth, flawless operation. Leo Weisman, a very fastidious con man, carefully made sure that his intended chump or "mark" was worth \$50,000 at least before he deigned to play him. Inspector Graham sent Weisman away for 15 years. The elusive and shadowy "George the Greek" is reputed to have beaten an Englishman visiting Atlantic City out of a whopping all time high "score" of \$300,000 in cash. The Britisher never even reported his loss to the authorities—a prominent figure in England he could not afford the embarrassment back home. Inspector Graham learned early in his career that confidence men never operated without local police and political protection known as "The Fix." The customary cut for police insurance against

arrest or annoyance was 20 per cent. Such a closed shop arrangement was known as the "Big Store" and police quickly ran out of town unknown con men or independents not connected with the "Big Store." Thus when victims complained, the crooked officials would listen sympathetically and show the victims pictures of ordinary criminals. Failing to identify any, they would be advised to go home until the police could catch the con men and send for them.

Confidence men, therefore, had little to worry about except the Federal authorities. And the U. S. government usually meant one man—PO Inspector Herbert Graham, or "Old Poison." So serious a problem did Graham finally become to their highly lucrative racket, the confidence men once seriously considered raising a kitty of \$50,000 to be given to "Old Poison" to get another job or to retire.

Oddly enough, Graham had no formal police or investigative training. He once admitted to me rather wistfully that he wished he had stayed in the insurance business which he had entered as a youth in Brooklyn. His father's death when he was only 16 had forced Graham to leave high school. He was a fine mapmaker and this training enabled him to secure a position in the post office in 1903. He later became an inspector of rural free delivery routes.

Herbert Graham was assigned

his first confidence game case shortly after World War I. The postal inspector soon showed a high order of ability and natural talent in solving such tricky and involved forms of swindling. By 1922, he was America's acknowledged, outstanding authority on "Big Con" and Denver prosecutor Philip Van Cise asked Graham to break up the notorious Lou Blonger gang which had made Denver the con capital of the United States.

By 1928, Inspector Graham noticed that some of the biggest con scores in the country were being taken off in Reno, Nevada. A "Big Store" was obviously in operation since the con men seemed to have no trouble clearing checks, running into six figures through two local banks. And the Reno police did not seem very successful in catching them.

The underworld laughed when it heard that "Old Poison" was on his way, so potent was the control of the Graham-McKay mob. Working alone, the Post Office Inspector spent first two weeks in Reno quietly getting the lay of the land. Then he walked boldly and unarmed into the semiprivate Bank Club. He blandly asked to speak to either James McKay or William J. Graham. Both of these overlords regarded the harmless-looking postal inspector as a joke. They were far too busy to waste time on this nuisance visitor. Day after day the post-

al inspector returned to the club.

When he caught both the mobsters in the back room, he asked to have samples of their handwriting, nothing else. The two masterminds laughingly asked him, "Why?" In his mumbling voice, Graham replied, "I am out here to link you to a number of big con games put over here in Reno in the past few years in which the mails were illegally used. When my case is complete, I plan to take you into court." Both men, secure in the knowledge of their virtually unlimited financial, legal, and political resources, laughed.

They both signed slips of paper and with mock deference handed them to the absurd old man.

Was there anything else they could do to make his stay in Reno more pleasant? Graham mumbled a "No, thank you," pocketed his precious signature samples, and departed. The two signatures were the last important link in the otherwise airtight case he was building. Experience had taught him that compliant and unfastidious banks were an indispensable part of the "Big Store."

TWO WEEKS of poring over bank ledgers and old accounts convinced Graham that one bank in the short space of three years had cleared questionable checks totaling over \$2,500,000. All represented "scores" made by con men against a number of victims. An honest

cashier named Roy J. Frisch admitted to Graham that he had long been suspicious. However, his superiors had cleared the transactions. Frisch was warned that these dubious checks represented huge con game losses and that he would be called as a key witness in the government's case when it was ready for trial.

A week before the first Graham-McKay trial in New York, Frisch disappeared from his home in Reno. His disappearance was a blow to the government's case. Inspector Graham had spent seven years of painstaking work building it up.

The first two trials resulted in hung juries. The government succeeded in getting retired Supreme Court Justice Van Deventer to preside over the third trial. The underworld was stunned when a third jury brought in a conviction of "Guilty" and the super con men were sentenced to nine years imprisonment. "Old Poison" had scored again. Inspector Graham learned later from underworld sources that Roy Frisch had been kidnaped, beaten to death, and his heavily-weighted body dumped into the deep waters of Lake Tahoe.

Associates told me that Graham never threw away a picture, handwriting sample, letter, or scrap of paper which one day might be an important bit of evidence. The vault in his New York office was a lode of amazing material on the little known world of "Big Con." Graham

had the world's largest rogues gallery of confidence game operators. He carried their complete pedigrees and criminal records in his mind. He once astonished a fellow postal inspector traveling with him on a train by writing down the names of over 300 con men, all their numerous aliases, the exact dates of their various arrests, trial dates, sentences passed, and other pertinent data.

Former Assistant U. S. Attorney William Power Maloney once told me:

When Inspector Graham arrives in a town full of con men and word gets around that "Old Poison's" in town, all the confidence men vanish like magic. They even break off highly profitable con games and abandon expensive luggage in order to get some distance between them and P O Inspector Graham.

This little known postal inspector devoted 45 years of his life to the single-minded task of warning swindlers that they could not use the U. S. mails in any schemes to defraud without going to prison.

ANOTHER Graham conviction was Leo Weisman, a lone wolf operator of the "Pay Off" game. A single letter which he had *caused to be placed in the mails* cost him 15 years in the penitentiary. He had carefully used a messenger to deliver to the *New York Times* office a letter contacting a prospective victim.

He overlooked the fact that the newspaper would forward the letter by mail and that he therefore could be indicted for "causing to be placed in the U. S. mails" a letter in connection with a fraudulent scheme.

Pretending to be an intermediary for a millionaire automobile manufacturer in Detroit, Weisman started negotiations to purchase an estate. He later switched his victim's interest to a highly secret and lucrative sugar futures deal that he was handling for a big Wall Street syndicate. The deal had to be consummated in Canada to avoid U. S. tax and other laws. On a train bound for Montreal, Weisman played his sucker out of a cool \$100,000 in cash. However, Inspector Graham soon established his identity and caught him in a matter of a few days.

After hearing the judge sentence him to 15 years imprisonment, Weisman ruefully confided to his lawyer: "I knew that Herb Graham was the only man I had to fear, and that I should never use the U. S. mails. I suggested to some of the boys years ago that we ought to get up a pool of \$50,000 and give it to Graham to retire. He was the only man in the whole country who ever gave us any trouble."

Post Office Inspector Herbert Graham probably would desire no better epitaph considering where it came from than—"He was the only man who ever gave us any trouble."

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There are few juvenile delinquents among Chinese children

by Chen Mei

IN RECENT YEARS juvenile delinquency has been one of the most serious problems in America; yet, even in large cities like New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Chicago, few Chinese-American teen-agers have been brought into court on juvenile delinquency charges. People have asked me, "Just what is the secret of the Chinese in training their youngsters?"

Some attributed it to family loyalty and our traditional love and

respect for parents. It is true that a Chinese child is brought up to recognize that he cannot shame his family. But as one who was born and grew up in China, I know that it takes more than that to train a child, for filial piety is but a small part of our home training. In China when a child misbehaves, we do not say: "The child is bad," but "The child lacks a home education."

As a child, I used to visit the Buddhist temple often with my

grandmother. One morning as we came out from prayer, a street urchin, who was no more than my own age, rushed forward and hit me with a stick. Grandmother, instead of shaking an angry finger at the boy, said quietly to him: "My child, who is your father that has so poorly trained you?" The boy stared shamefacedly at her, then hung his head and slowly backed away.

Chinese parents hold that teachers are responsible for the mental and intellectual development of the children, but that responsibility for the shaping of their moral character rests solely upon the parents. As soon as a child starts to walk and talk, he is taught the rudiments of etiquette. As he gets older, he is taught decorum, obedience, deference to elders, and these rules of family and social conduct will be enforced well into adolescence.

When we were children, one of the first things we learned was to call on our parents and grandparents each morning before breakfast to pay our respects. At the dinner table we learned never to pick up our chopsticks until the grown-ups had started; we learned to address each and every member of the family before eating, and never to leave the table until all had finished with the meal.

As we grew older, we were taught to rise from our seats whenever an elder entered the room, never to interrupt a conversation,

never to argue, and always to obey our elders, not only because age should command respect, but because they had lived longer and therefore had more experience and wisdom than we. The unfailing politeness my grandparents showed to one another, to their children and grandchildren was only the reflection of good manners that ruled the home.

WHENEVER my grandmother spoke to us about others in the family, she would always refer to them as "Your honored grandfather," "Venerable aunt," or "Esteemed cousin." We seldom addressed our brothers and sisters by their first names but used "*Gor gor*—Elder Brother," "*Dee dee*—Young Brother," "*Jei jei*—Big Sister," and "*Mei mei*—Little Sister." These amenities not only kept us aware of the precious family relationship, but by knowing where we stood among the rank and file in the family, we learned to conduct ourselves accordingly.

This insistence on "propriety" or *li*—the ideal standard of conduct—is perhaps one of the most important aspects of Chinese home education. Propriety is nothing more than a code or a rule, or sometimes a sense of what is proper and fitting. By setting up the rules of conduct, a child is taught what is right to do; by discipline, he learns to respect these rules.

In our family, discipline was

strict. I will never forget the time (I was then five) I was made to pick up the pods of watermelon seeds out in the dark because I had been "careless" and "willful" and had scattered the tiny pods all over the lawn.

During our first years at school, it was a family rule that we learned calligraphy or the brush stroke technique by copying the printed ideographs for an hour each day, after school. My brother and I had tried every trick to escape it. I discovered that by feigning sleep I could be excused from this tedium and my brother would play with the brush and inkstick until the time was up.

For this we were punished often, but the punishment had little effect. One day father came up with a new rule. For every sheet of calligraphy that was overdue (our quota, four sheets daily), we were fined two extra sheets, retroactive with the New Year. For weeks thereafter, my brother and I had to write like mad in order to catch up with our "penmanship" fines. Although I am still what my father considered a poor calligraphist, this early experience taught me a lesson. By subjecting myself to discipline, I learned self-discipline.

CHINESE children, on the whole, learn responsibility early. We were never allowed to think of ourselves as irresponsible merely because of our age. At nine, I was given charge of my father's study.

In those days my father used to practice calligraphy every morning before breakfast. (Calligraphy, like painting, is regarded as an art in China.) Thus before leaving for school, I had to see that his ink was properly made, his writing papers and brushes were properly set. When he had finished with his writing, I had to see that the brushes were rinsed and put away.

Not long ago, a Chinese boy in New York's Chinatown accidentally broke a barbershop window with a baseball. What the father did was unorthodox, but it helped train his son: to the barbershop the next day came a long line of Chinese to have their hair cut. Though not related by blood to the young offender, they all bore the same family name, and according to the Chinese, those with the same family name were *hing dai*—"cousins." Since the boy had to pay all those haircuts out of his small savings, this was the father's way of teaching him responsibility. And the haircuts more than paid for the shop's damage.

This incident in Chinatown reminded me of a similar incident at home. Once, when my brother smashed a window in our living room with his slingshot, grandfather neither scolded nor punished him. But the window remained unrepaired. Days passed . . . a week . . . two weeks. When my brother could at last bear it no longer, he went to grandfather and said: "Do

what you like with me, grandfather. But please get the window mended." To him the silence was worse than a beating.

Chinese youngsters are always taught by their parents to get along with others. A child is told not to fight, not for want of courage but because his parents would persuade him to solve his problems with reasoning. Thus, before a Chinese child takes any step, he is trained to consider what effect it will have on his parents! Will they be proud if he does this . . . or will they be ashamed?

When my grandfather was alive, he was known for his "high" temper. One day an old friend of grandmother asked her how she had managed to live half a century with him without quarreling. Grandmother replied, "Whenever thunder struck, I just played deaf."

This ability to ignore and to overlook another's shortcomings and weaknesses is perhaps the most precious thing learned from grandmother. Call it tolerance, compassion or whatever you like, it is this ability to live and let live—or in grandmother's own words, "to relent"—that makes it possible for us to maintain harmony in the family and goodwill toward our fellow-men.

From my parents and grandparents we also learned charity and humility. Grandmother never refused rice to anyone who came to our door, and there was always a

bed for those who needed it. In the summer father used to set up a tea shed on the main road, providing tea for the jinricksha pullers.

SOMETIMES we had to learn the hard way. While I was in junior high, I had done well in my school work and for three consecutive years I had come out top in my class. But the last year the title was captured by another girl, a new student. When the prize was announced at the commencement, I slipped quietly out of the auditorium, hid in the family car and wept.

On our way home that afternoon, grandfather, who had attended my graduation with my aunts and young cousins, announced that he would celebrate the occasion by taking us all to the best restaurant in town.

"But why?" I asked, with tears still in my eyes. "Have I not lost face?"

"You must remember," said grandfather, "one cannot hope to win all the time. Is it not time you gave the others a chance?" I was silent. "I feel no shame because you have lost," grandfather went on, "because I know you have done your best." Then, touching me on the shoulder, he said, "Humility is a great thing, my child. When you get older you will understand."

From my parents and grandparents we also learned of the small wonders of life: a well-cooked meal, a cup of fresh-brewed tea, an au-

turn sunset, a boat ride on the lake, a good poem, the visit of a long lost friend, of things well done, a good laugh—even at our own expense.

During my high school years, my family used to have open house on Sundays and my schoolmates were always invited to join. Once grandmother asked me why Fong, the Eurasian girl in my class, had never appeared. I said that few of the girls would come had I invited her, for after all, socially, an Eurasian was a few rungs below us.

"I shall tell you a story," said grandmother. "You know Fourth Grand Uncle, who has never done a day's work in his life, came to grandfather for money one day and grandfather said that it was time he turn to his son. Then he came to me. 'My Third Sister-in-law,' he said. 'You know if anything should happen to Brother, my son will be his only heir?'"

"'How so,' said I. 'Have I not borne him three sons?'"

"'Ah, do not forget,' said Fourth Grand Uncle. 'You are not my brother's lawful wedded wife!'"

"'Does not the law recognize children of concubines?' I asked.

"'Not since the Revolution,' he said and he laughed at me.

"Of course your Fourth Grand Uncle said this to anger me," said grandmother, "for I found out that a son is still a son no matter if he is from the concubine or the Number One wife. But if what he said was true, then perhaps you are not as good as an Eurasian?"

We looked at each other and laughed.

IF Chinese youngsters seem better behaved than others, it is because the Chinese parents have only one set of moral standards for both the parents and children. A Chinese child is appreciated in his own home. He is treated with dignity which makes him feel he belongs, and punishment is always accompanied by justice. He has little urge to run away from home because the home offers him everything he wants—love, understanding and self-respect. Chinese children have no need to join the "asphalt gang" because they are happy adolescents; to them the home is their haven and their parents are their best friends.

Perfect Behavior

A demure young miss of seven years was in the doctor's office for her regular examination. Through all the conventional tests she watched him without comment. Then he pressed firmly on her chest.

"Feel anything?" he asked.

"No," she informed him, "and it's no use. I *never* squeak!"

—T. & J. GOOTEE

BEYOND THE BRAIN STORM **IE**

*A new technique for culling ideas
solves the problems of management . . .*

by Mary Bosticco

ONE BRILLIANTLY sunny morning last June, a large conference room at the new building of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce began to fill with business executives from all over the city. They had one thing in common. All headed a small but growing company.

The conference room was set with tables seating six people. Before each was a small pad of four by three-inch pink paper, a pencil, and an instruction sheet.

When the last of the stragglers sat down at the tables, they began looking expectantly toward the podium, then toward the door. At ten o'clock, a man of medium height and build, his straw-colored hair neatly brushed into submission and his blue eyes hidden behind thick glasses, approached the podium. Disregarding the comforting protection of lectern and microphone, Ernest Loen stepped forward, faced his audience and began.

This was the last of five work-

shops the purpose of which was to gather data on the problems facing small businesses all over the nation, preparatory to President Eisenhower's Conference on Technical and Distribution Research for the Benefit of Small Business.

The five workshops yielded the phenomenal total of 14,000 ideas from 452 business executives in less than 20 hours total time! Within six weeks all of this invaluable material was assembled and analyzed by Loen's crew of specialists. It was then written up, edited and bound into a 160 page report ready to be rushed to the President and his advisors.

The technique Loen used is known as idea engineering—or IE—an amazing new research and problem-solving tool which threatens to revolutionize management methods. It is not a fad, but a scientific technique solidly based on the behavioral sciences. The analytical procedure used in assembling the bits of data are the products of

modern epistemology, psychology, semantics, and other formidable disciplines.

Had the job been undertaken by conventional conference or interview methods, not only would it have taken at least four times as long, but the results would have been far less satisfactory from the standpoint of depth, reliability, and completeness.

Strangely enough, it is only recently, during the last 25 years or so, that management experts have turned to the idea that *all* employees of a business concern are capable of producing fruitful ideas and suggestions, improving policies and procedures, and of helping to solve problems which had been left exclusively to management.

"The creative thinking of every worker from the bottom to the top of each organization is needed," John A. Barkmeier of Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, once declared.

This sentiment was wholeheartedly shared by Alex F. Osborn, co-founder of a prominent advertising agency. Osborn evolved the now well-known technique of brainstorming for the purpose of tapping the creative powers of a *whole group* of people gathered together.

At a brain storming session, groups of ten to 15 people sit around a table. The problem is stated by the leader, and everyone is invited to contribute his ideas on how it should be solved. All

suggestions, however "screwball" they may appear to be, are admitted and no negative reactions are tolerated. The leader is specifically charged with barring any destructive remarks.

SIX THOUSAND American companies, comprising over 20 million employees, now operate suggestion systems of one sort or another. In 1951, General Electric Company paid out an average of \$40,000 a month to employees for their ideas. During one year alone a total of 9,711 employee suggestions were adopted by Eastman Kodak, a gain of over 1,100 over the previous year.

US Steel has used brain storming to attack marketing problems. Reynolds Metals used it to develop sales plans for a new product.

Variations and adaptations of the brain storming technique have cropped up all over the place. The Aluminum Company of America calls its version "imagineering."

Meanwhile, some of the more thoughtful management experts were trying to find a technique which would do away with the many shortcomings of brain storming. Ernest Loen and his crew of talented associates did a lot of thinking at their Los Angeles consulting headquarters.

"Brain storming is like tossing a greased ball around," Loen will say if you can catch his attention between buzzing phones. "A meeting needs to be more carefully

planned and purposefully conducted," he will go on. "You must effect a thorough problem definition first of all. In other words you've got to find out exactly what your task and problems are before you approach the group."

Enthusiasm lights up Loen's face; he is deeply immersed in his favorite subject, and you can count on a two or three hour dissertation. He will stride up and down his office, then disappear into the hall, while the flow of his oratory goes on uninterrupted; then he will be back again, tugging at his mop of yellow hair.

He will explain that, while it is true that people in a group spouting ideas aloud stimulate each other's thinking, it is equally true that they may inhibit or unduly influence each other. Each individual will tend to "think like the group," to confirm with the group. Conformity will be at a premium, and individuality will be stifled.

IN Loen's estimation, idea engineering, the management and research technique which his firm evolved, combines all the advantages of brain storming, yet successfully avoids its pitfalls. While brain storming catches the wind rustling through the tree tops, idea engineering draws the sap from the roots.

"What could be more logical than getting it down on paper?" Loen will ask with conviction.

And put it down on paper is exactly what those 70 executives did that sunny afternoon at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

"I invite you to take one of the little pink slips in front of you and write down on it your number one problem," Loen suggested politely, after the preliminaries were over. "As you will see, the words 'How to' are printed on the left-hand corner of the slip," he went on, "so all you have to do is complete the thought. Then take another pink slip and write down your second largest problem." His right hand shot up to his hair. "Now I'm not going to prompt you. You know better than I do what your problems are . . ."

The 70-odd company presidents stared a little puzzled at the orator as he continued to coax, even cajole, like a firm but gentle professor with a class of difficult students.

Finally silence fell on the room. Everyone was lost in thought. Some of the men gazed into space; others knit their brows thoughtfully, and one puffed quietly at a pipe. A large-framed man with greying temples folded his arms across the table, lay his head on them for some minutes, then he sat up, his mind obviously cleared, took out his pen and began hacking away at the pink slips. Others followed, ideas seemed to be flowing.

A whisper at the far end of the room made Loen ask for silence. Meanwhile, his associates glided

between the tables giving advice when asked.

Having extracted as much information as he could, Loen announced a buzz session at each individual table. This would enable the men to discuss problems and stimulate each other's thoughts. Talking seemed much easier than writing, but Loen soon had them writing again, on problems three, four and up. Loen did not let go until he felt everyone had contributed fully.

After the lunch, Loen had another surprise. "Now let us suppose . . . you are going off on a trip to South America for six months", he announced. "Then obviously someone else would have to cope with the problems of your business. Well, now, how would you advise your people to solve these problems?"

This turn of events took some participants by surprise. They were being asked to solve their *own* problems. They had understood that it was going to be done for them! What they failed to grasp

was that their *combined* knowledge would be far greater than that of each individual, and that the experience and brain power pooled at this one session would be multiplied by the number of sessions previously held in four other cities across the country.

HOWEVER, under Loen's polite, almost courtly direction, the men were soon writing down solutions to the problems they had enumerated before lunch. As the rules of the "game" became more familiar, participation became more enthusiastic.

The material gathered was soon on its way to the President's advisors for the Small Business Conference.

This government project could perhaps be considered the nationwide trial of the idea engineering technique. The proven principles and undeniable superiority of the IE method leave little doubt that businesses all over the country will adopt it and keep ahead in management know-how.

Author, Author!

In London last fall, Khrushchev told London hosts this story. He visited a technology institute and asked a science student whose work he admired, "Who wrote *Anna Karenina*?" The student said he wasn't guilty. Khrushchev called the responsible supervisor, a police chief. "What's going on here? I asked a student who wrote *Anna Karenina* and he told me he had not."

The supervisor promised to attend to the matter. Later he told Khrushchev that for two hours the student had stubbornly denied his guilt, but "now admits that he did write *Anna Karenina*."

A TROPHY FOR LARRY

... and the coach's most exciting moment

LAST YEAR, I experienced the most exciting and most gratifying moment of my teaching career.

Every afternoon at Pine Ridge Elementary School in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, I would have 26 fourth grade boys at physical education period. They were energy-laden boys who were wild about touch-football.

I noticed much arguing and unnecessary pushing and shoving in the games and a lack of good sportsmanship. One boy in particular, Larry Gardner, found fault with every play and every player. When corrected, he'd sulk, grumble, and make excuses for his poor conduct.

At a good sportsmanship meeting, the boys decided to make a giant trophy out of clay, and paint it gold. This trophy was to be presented to "The Best Sport" at the end of the week. The boys were to vote for the winner.

At the next game the arguing ceased, pushing and shoving was replaced by fine blocking and hard running. Team spirit was evident.

Larry Gardner's eyes lit up every time the trophy was mentioned. How he wanted to win it! He

helped his opponents up if they took a spill, followed the quarterback's directions with precision and broke up any squabbles that might have led to heated arguments. The boys took note of this and commended him for his new attitude.

Friday came and there was little doubt in anyone's mind who deserved the trophy.

The voting was unanimous. Larry Gardner was "The Best Sport."

In a special ceremony, I presented Larry with the trophy, and during his speech I experienced the most exciting moment in my career.

"Mr. Boyd and fellow players," he said, "I think it's swell you voted for me, but I really think 'The Best Sport' trophy should go to the assistant referee, Jimmy Kelly."

He handed the trophy to smiling Jimmy who hobbled over to receive it. Jimmy wore braces from polio and couldn't play, but he was very interested in football and always welcomed the opportunity to help me referee.

I think I was not the only one happily excited when Larry handed the trophy to Jimmy that memorable day.

by Jess Raley

E C O N O M I C P U Z Z L E

This article graphically illustrates the state of public bewilderment, a consequence of the unsound social, economic and ethical practices which now confuse the nation. The doctrine of "something-for-nothing" has become so fixed in the public mind that even victims who give something-for-nothing (at the command of government) seem no longer to question the right of government so to command. Freedom is no less *freedom from dependence on others* than it is *freedom from involuntary support of others*.

WHAT is progress and what is regression in our government-manipulated economy of today? Try to lay aside all personal prejudice, as I have tried and evaluate the old and new. Try, as I have tried, to remain detached and unbiased, as you seek the answer.

Here is a slight, elderly man, wizened of face, keen of mind, hands knotted and scarred by many years' association with snips and sheet metal, who has reared a family of four, and has seen them become educated, married, self-supporting citizens. Once he was a proud, contented man; now he is dejected and confused. His life savings from a small sheet metal shop are invested in cheap but liveable rental property. In the economic system he had been taught to cherish, this was reasonable assurance of an income through the few gol-

den years of which a man dreams; years in which a man might do the things for his grandchildren he would have liked to do for his children.

Now there is no income. The houses stand vacant, almost worthless. The people who lived in them now live across town in the new housing project, where they can rent for a much smaller amount than an individual can afford to charge and still maintain his property.

The old metalsmith believes that the money he has paid the government in taxes was used to wipe out his investment. Can there be any wonder why he is confused and dejected?

Within the project all is new and clean. Among the tenants there may be some perpetual drunks, loafers, and ne'er-do-wells, but in one apartment lives a widow with five chil-

dren, ages four to 15. The project is a godsend to her. She is the widow of a mill worker with a piteously small income. She was in the highest priority bracket. For a very small sum she and her family are able to enjoy the comfort and convenience of a modern apartment, thus allowing more money for food and clothing. The general well-being of this and other worthy families afford undeniable evidence in favor of the housing project.

LISTEN in while a man and his 18-year-old son discuss the boy's future. The lad is exceptionally bright. Only a small degree of his energy and mental faculties have been needed for acquiring his high school education. Since very little time was devoted to home study, this boy has had ample time for outside activities, such as odd jobs afternoons and Saturdays, paper routes and other juvenile business enterprises during vacation. He has been a scout, later an explorer, advancing to the rank of eagle, then junior scoutmaster for two years. Few would deny that in him were the "makings" of a successful man, perhaps a near-great one.

The father, a run-of-the-mill man with little education, is justly proud of his son. He had visualized a career in engineering for him, perhaps in electrical design, for it is in this direction that the boy's talent appears to lie. But the boy has no desire to attend college and the

father is keenly disappointed. The boy explains to his father that even though more money can be earned by a college man, a boy can take a job at an hourly wage in one of the large industries and, within three years, can earn \$150 a week as a top-rate electrician. As an electrician he will have a 40-hour week, paid vacation, reasonably easy work, a union to protect him from discharge or discrimination, enough money for a family, home, car, all the necessities and some luxuries of life. He may have group insurance to provide income in case of sickness, hospitalization, or death. He is guaranteed an annual wage in case of lay-off, federal old age and survivor's benefit to provide for his old age, or to provide for his wife and children, should he meet an untimely end. Why should he spend four years of his life preparing for a better position than that? Especially when the better position is less secure, requires much more effort, longer hours, and the difference in compensation is greatly reduced by taxes? He admits there is a need for men of higher learning to advance the several sciences, but, from his standpoint, the possible advantage is not worth the effort.

Observe a group of farmers. No longer do they wear patched overalls and worn-out shirts. Never before has their recompense for labor been less of a gamble. There is no other group whose reasonable

prosperity is guarded so jealously. If their looks and fortunes have changed, so has their thinking. Once the most fiercely free and independent of a free and independent people, they have bartered this for a measure of "security." A noticeable portion of vitality is gone from their conversation as they discuss the various government checks they expect, the 'disaster' money that will be distributed. In some cases, this once-independent group may now be considered little more than wards of the state. But look back to 1930: see a group struggling desperately; only the most progressive had a decent living. They had no money, little to wear, no assurance of prices, no insurance in case of crop failure, bare survival—even for the fittest.

Does the protected farmer of today have a clearer perspective than his predecessors? Where can be heard the demand for independence above all else? Is the love of uninhibited freedom less strong than the desire for monetary security?

What is progress and what is regression? Can it be fair to penalize a man who has labored diligently to make his own way, stand on his own feet, strive with hands and mind to make his declining years a pleasure to himself—a burden to no one? Who can say it is unfair for a government to make it possible for widows and orphans to have a decent place to live? Unfortunately, it appears there will always

be drunks and people who are lazy; they deserve no special attention, but what of their children?

How can a government remain a leader in science and in international affairs with a system obviously designed to curtail individual incentive; a system that makes the economic outlook so unattractive that potential leadership refuses to devote the time and energy necessary to fit itself for the task.

Is there justice in a system which limits the amount a man may produce on his *own* land—tells a free man what acreage he may plant of each crop and limits the price he may receive? But can it be called unjust when a government protects a group by setting a minimum price on their products, buys the surplus and distributes it among the needy when it is made necessary by floods, drouth, or pestilence?

Who would return to the "root-hog-or-die-poor" system of yesteryear? Yet who can observe the several trends of today without grave apprehension for the future?

Is it possible that somewhere between these extremes lies the middle course—not too high for the low, and yet not too low for the high? Having taken—or been forced into—its present position, is there any problem facing the United States government today of greater magnitude than that of assisting the inadequate without penalizing the self-sufficient?

Is there a "new morality" displacing the old in America?

DELIVER US FROM EVIL

by Gene Birkeland

WHEN I looked from my window at the rooftops, yards, and streets of the community below, the town had the quality of a painting. No human movement disturbs the scene. It seems unnatural but life *does* exist down there—exists behind locked doors and shuttered windows.

One day this week, evil walked those streets and left fear behind. Teen-aged evil reached out and murdered a two-year-old child not for revenge, safety, or self-protection, but in the amoral self-gratification of a momentary impulse—"to see what it was like."

The questions which torment my mind as I gaze at the community below are repeated in the minds of mothers in every one of those homes. Will the day come when my daughter will be the victim? Is my son a potential Mr. Hyde? Why was there no saving voice of conscience in this child-strangler?

Another question perhaps un-

asked by other fear-harried mothers comes to my mind. What influences in this boy's life were powerful enough to overcome the traditional teachings of home and church?

Was this boy—and the thousands of others like him—the victim of a "new morality"? What is this new code of conduct which apparently governs the lives of so many American youths today? What force is so insidious that its ideas can be adopted by the young without the knowledge of parents? Is there really a revolutionary movement creating a new morality?

According to one eminent sociologist there is, but—"the revolution is hardly well begun." John Seeley was speaking of the mental health movement which he described in these words: "A revolution in social values is what gives birth to the movement, and it is a revolutionary doctrine that the movement is moved by and expresses. . . ." (March, 1953, *Annals, American Academy of*

Political and Social Science.)

This "revolutionary" doctrine appears to be that which was expressed by G. Brock Chisholm, psychiatrist and titular head of the World Federation for Mental Health, when he said in late 1945: "... we should stop teaching children moralities and rights and wrongs." The "we" Chisholm used referred to psychiatry, its related fields, and education.

THE FEDERATION credits the "Child Study Association of America" as being of great help to the U. S. branch of the World Federation, the National Association for Mental Health (p. 14, Annual Report WFMH '54).

Among the many publications of Child Study which is promoted by the mental health groups is "The Answers To Give When Your Child Asks About Sex—With 8 Pages of Illustrations for Children." This publication was greeted by loud huzzahs when it first appeared in 1954. Among the more printable quotes in the book is the suggestion: "Many parents still suggest that the really meaningful aspects of life and love are mental or spiritual and that the physical element is a kind of afterthought, necessary perhaps, but not very. This just isn't true. . . . The teenager will be glad to hear this."

Such an attitude toward the place of sex in life is more in keeping with Chisholm's point of view than tra-

ditional Christian morality. There are many other publications pushed through the National Mental Health Association and its network of local groups which show much the same attitude. Many of these pamphlets are written for school-room use and are designed, as one instructor's guide indicates, "to integrate" discussions of sex into every segment of the curriculum as well as extracurricular activities. This daily dose of mind-conditioning on the subject of sex added to the superabundant display of sex on television, in movies, and in advertisements, cannot help having a harmful effect upon future adults of the United States.

The force which can condition the human mind without the recognition of the conditioning process is a psychiatric technique. In October, 1919, Lenin called upon Ivan Pavlov in Petrograd, for the answer to the question: "How can human behavior be controlled?"

Lenin then outlined to Pavlov his theory that human behavior could be controlled by education and exhorted Pavlov to aid the Communists through his studies of human behavior and conditioned reflex therapy. As a result of this meeting, Pavlov's research laboratories became out of bounds for even the super-powerful Soviet Cheka. Pavlov and his disciples were able to exercise complete freedom in their experiments to fulfill Lenin's dream of standardizing the Russian people

by destroying their individualism through education using Pavlov's mind-conditioning techniques.

Nearly 40 years later we have the testimonial of no less an authority than Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt that Lenin and Pavlov's work has been highly successful. In her copyrighted article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of March 1, 1958, Mrs. Roosevelt relates that the Russian people are docile and uncomplaining under the Communist yoke. They are, she indicated, an unhappy people, well-disciplined, but extremely unlikely to rise up against their Kremlin masters.

THROUGH the International Congresses of the World Federation for Mental Health, Russian psychiatrists have been able to exchange information on their techniques with psychiatrists from all over the world. The mind-conditioning process is no longer exclusively Russian property.

While it is generally accepted that Communism is behind the narcotics drive, few contemporary authors dare mention Communism in connection with the so-called "sex-revolution." Yet evidence exists that there is a connection.

Leland Stowe, Pulitzer Prize-winning foreign correspondent, some time ago detailed a graphic and frightening picture of the Soviet use of unrestrained sexual license as a key weapon in subjugating the youth of captive nations. In

the March, 1955, *Reader's Digest*, Mr. Stowe described the program which causes the youth of satellite countries to think of the sex urge as "just another appetite, like the need for food and drink" and to reject as "outmoded bourgeois prejudices" premarital chastity and wedded fidelity.

It was not a pretty scene Mr. Stowe painted. His documentary indicated that the lifting of moral restraints on sex had as a consequence brought on a rampant increase in juvenile crime, venereal disease and illegitimate births. Mr. Stowe based his allegations on documented material supplied by refugees from Iron Curtain countries.

Why is it so difficult for the American people to accept the idea that the United States is a victim of the same techniques and for the same reason—to make us a satellite of the Soviet colossus? Why should intelligent Americans fight the passage of legislation intended to stem the tide of pornographic literature now flooding the United States?

Congressman John Dowdy, Texas, in the last session of Congress, introduced bills to amend Title 18 of the U. S. Code in such a way as to make unmistakable to U. S. courts the intent of the Congress to halt the use of the mail for the distribution of this depraved literature. Opposition to passage of his bills (or any version thereof) came from the Authors League of America, the American Book Publishers

Council and the American Civil Liberties Union.

One of the witnesses in favor of passing the bills was the Rev. Ralph A. Cannon, Methodist Pastor from Spartanburg, S. C., who unconsciously echoed Leland Stowe's description of life in the satellite nations: "The distorted picture which emerges from this flood of eroticism I would describe this way: sex is merely a biological function in the same category as eating and breathing. . . . Anyone who puts any stock in virtue, fidelity, and restraint is *démodé*; to have any scruples about free erotic indulgence is to be neurotically repressed. . . ."

ANOTHER WITNESS before the House Subcommittee on the Judiciary favoring passage of the control bills was O. K. Armstrong, member of the editorial staff of the *Reader's Digest* and Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Churchmen's Commission for Decent Publications. Mr. Armstrong stated the case in the strongest terms:

Studies of the contents of news-stands today, made by members of our group, indicate that uniformly the pornographic magazine or book presents material appealing to the prurient interest of the reader, presenting in an attractive manner that which society has learned is base and mean, stimulating the reader to acts ranging all the way from the dangerously antisocial to the downright criminal.

Such literature, available on almost any newsstand, presents material in pictures and text which: (1) mocks the sanctity of the marriage vow and scorns all principles of fidelity between husbands and wives; (2) glorifies and presents as desirable acts of adultery, fornication, prostitution, and illegal sexual relations. . . . These last two points indicate that the very purpose of these magazines is to downgrade womanhood with all the sanctity that it means in the American home and community. (3) Indicates to youthful readers that it is smart and desirable to cast aside moral restraint and indulge in uninhibited sex relations; (4) arouses the curiosity of the reader in regard to acts of sadism and perversion; (5) respects no religious feelings, making mockery of ministers, priests, rabbis, and all other teachers of religious truth and of all moral and spiritual ideals. . . .

This tide of pornography is directly responsible for an alarming breakdown of moral fiber in this country—at a time when our people, young and old, need all the moral strength possible in order to answer the challenge of an ideology that would destroy our entire way of life, including our religious faith, our belief in truth, and our courage to combat evil.

Where now is our courage to combat evil? As I looked from my window at the community below, made desolate by evil, the words my mind repeats endlessly take shape, "Dear God, deliver us from evil."

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

THE POLICE STATE

(Phony Civil Rights Bill—Communist Plan to Put You in a Strait Jacket)

By Russell Maguire

RED RUSSIA, and her "captive slave nations" now comprise one-half of the world. All events confirm that the **real goal of Communism is to centralize all power.** Our alleged "Civil Rights" Bill will give our "captive citizens" a choice between coming torture, slave labor, and mass murder, or **complete submission to Red dictatorship.** Neither would provide **HUMAN OR CIVIL RIGHTS!**

The infamous Civil Rights Act of 1957 was introduced into Congress on January 1957 by Congressman Emanuel Celler. His record speaks for itself. The Bill was passed on September 9, 1957. Part III of this Act was **temporarily deleted** only after some Senators and Congressmen battled courageously against the whole vicious Act. The valiant speeches against this phony Civil Rights Act, and its denial of filibuster, and jury

trials will rival in history the patriotic words spoken by the God-loving founders of these United States.

The Conspirators used tremendous pressure and cleverly misrepresented the Act as a "boon" for Negro voting rights.

This Civil Rights Act has already had its impact on our court system. In the phraseology of Russian atheistic dictators, **it is under an appointed "Commissariat" of Commissioners and a separate Attorney General.** Under it, you could be hauled in **SOLELY** on the trumped up charge made by the Commissariat that you had some "intent" to interfere with alleged Civil Rights. **Secret hearings, from which your attorney and witnesses could be barred, would be legalized.** The fining and imprisonment of anyone who dares to tell of anything said or done to you in these

secret hearings would be legalized. **You could be convicted, fined and imprisoned without jury trial and right to appeal. The Conspirators plan to get the new Congress to quickly reinstate Part III which would extend this evil power to all social relations.**

An outstanding and intelligent Congressman, John Dowdy of Texas, a member of the House Judiciary Committee, said of the Civil Rights Act on June 14, 1957,

"When the Attorney General can haul a citizen into court, enjoin him because of what somebody **thinks** he is **thinking**, deprive him of his legal rights, convict him without due process, and subject him to criminal punishment for an **alleged** civil offense, we will have achieved the ultimate in absurdity and the **HEIGHT OF TRAGEDY.**"

IN DEFINING Communism in reference to this Act, Congressman Dowdy wisely said:

"Communism is not an economic system. It is a conspiratorial drive for tightly centralized government in the hands of godless gangsters. Communism must, as a prerequisite for success and its conquest, pull all powers of the government into Washington, D.C."

He pointed out that the Civil Rights Bill is a scheme to bypass the courts of the individual states.

The civil rights act was set up to conform to the sinister United Nations' demand for carrying out

the punishment of individuals for infringing such UN laws as the Genocide Convention. The book, *Everyman's United Nations* (pp. 222, 316) describes how the UN Law Commission decided that until local UN Criminal courts can be established to enforce all law, that such UN laws as the Genocide Convention might be enforced through some sort of **national law.**

The tricky Genocide Convention was slipped over on us and became law January 12, 1951. It completely disregards the murder of millions of Christians in Russia, Hungary, Poland, and the dispossessing and murder of Arabs, Moslems, Hindus, and others.

The dangerous un-American Civil Rights Act of 1957 is another great gain obtained by this group to further **their diabolical plot** to attain world government. Part of The Plan is to use some of the fiendish principles of Mental Health. Incidentally, in Bill HR 6376 (Mental Health) when referring to the many who will go to Alaska, they are not referred to as patients, but as **prisoners!**

Thinking citizens must realize the tremendous danger of permitting a pressured Congress to approve Part III. The headlines of *The Worker*, official organ of the Communist Party printed in New York November 30, 1958, told the story. It stated that 50 organizations planned to descend on Congress January 5, 1959, to pressure Congress-

men. They hoped to end Congressional right to filibuster anti-American legislation, and quickly enact the rest of the Civil Rights Act of 1957. This is Part III, deleted when this bill was passed on September 9, 1957. The March did not occur.

America **MUST WAKE UP!** Freedom of speech, press, assembly, jury trials, appeals, open hearings, once lost, are nearly impossible to regain! Examples: Hungarian Revolt in 1956. The East German Revolt. Also the "Russian captives" themselves have found almost insurmountable obstacles in their at-

tempt to break the chains forged on them by the atheistic murderers. Our recognizing Red Russia in 1933 will forever live as our greatest error. Misguided people, in our country, have since financed and industrialized Red Russia!

So wake up! Expose and defeat the "Enemy Within!" If you don't, then remember what **Christ said when he found His disciples asleep for the third time:** "Sleep on now, and take your rest: It is enough, the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed **into the hands of sinners.**" (Mark 14:41)

Congressional Capers

Perhaps with the thought that some ardent feminists may charge discrimination, the FBI explained in a recent release that there is no regulation against the inclusion of women on the periodic list of "Ten Most Wanted Criminals." The fact that no woman has ever appeared on the list is due simply to the fact that the competition is too tough. When a vacancy occurs, some desperately-wanted man always seems to crowd the women off the Post Office bulletin boards.

After a recent speech at the National Press Club, Meade Alcorn, GOP National Chairman, braced himself for the familiar period of sharp questioning. "This reminds me," he said, "of the time W. C. Fields was asked what he'd like to have for his epitaph. He thought for a while and declared, 'Just say, If Fields had his way, he'd much rather be in Philadelphia tonight!'"

"Getting something nice for your district isn't always a good thing," opines Joe Martin (R-Mass.). "Like the post office I got. The National Committee wanted it big; the citizens wanted it small. I finally decided we'd just get the old one remodeled. This made everyone angry. The architect decided on Indiana limestone, which irritated our granite quarry operators. The low bid on the contract was a St. Louis firm, which annoyed our local builders. Months after the darned thing was finished, I happened to meet the night watchman. Not only was he a Democrat, but he was the son of the man who ran against me the year before!"

—QUOTE

SHARP ADS and KEENER SIGHT

*Seeing through
misleading come-on's
is good ocular exercise*

by Al Ament

MY EYES are being transformed into the most sensitive instruments in the world. Getting a helpful prod from advertising, I can credit Madison Avenue for blessing me with better plumbing, better packaging and sharper eyesight. As this happens, ordinary evolution can step aside.

I was a guinea pig. Myopic as a King Penguin, I mistook bus drivers for admirals and alienated many friends by passing them without a hello. Each morning I awoke to a blurry world of strange shapes, dim objects, and mysterious shadows.

That was before advertising wafted me from my twilight world during a gasoline price war. Suddenly the price of gasoline began to descend from 30 to 29 to 17 cents. I was doubly happy with the plummeting prices and the 15-foot signs that I could actually read heralding these prices.

Soon after this competition started, I pulled into a service station. The sign advertised "20" cents a gallon. The attendant filled the tank.

"She took 10 gallons," he said.

"Fine, here's two bucks."

"That'll be \$2.09, Sir."

"A new tax or something? Your sign says 20 cents."

"Sorry, Sir, it says 20.9 cents."

"Where?"

"Well . . ." He flushed a bit. "The nine's right there at the bottom right."

I squinted, cocking my head right and left; I screwed my eyes. All I could see was an enormous 20.

"Right there in the corner," said the attendant, backing away.

I got out and walked to the sign. Had there been an opening in the zero, I could have driven my car through it. I surveyed the poster from a distance of one foot. Finally, I squatted. The attendant was right. There was a small figure 9, modeled after a cipher in some primer.

During the ensuing days, there was no escape from these Lilliputian nines. They flanked me, meeting the letter if not the spirit of the law. When challenged, an attendant could always point out the painted, legal presence of the nine.

I felt my eyes grow stronger. The invisible digits began to appear suddenly, clear and readable. My eyes sought the thimble-rigged digit on every poster, and found it!

At home, this sensitizing process was getting strong assistance from the newspapers and magazines. A housing crisis had my wife and me searching for a way out of our crowded three-room apartment.

"Elysian Acres," I read to my wife from the real-estate section. "Tomorrow's home today! Six-room ranches, seven-room split-levels, Cape Cods." Then my eyes noticed the important information, "\$15,000, VA and FHA approved."

I tore out the advertisement. "Let's go," I said.

As we approached the magnificent ranches and splendid split-levels, I saw a phantom me igniting charcoal on the side patio.

We followed other happy souls into the foyer. Inside, a dozen people were marveling at the cathedral ceiling, the wrought-iron balcony, the expansive living room, and the gaping fieldstone fireplace.

"This is a lot of house for \$15,000!" I blared.

A guide stared, cleared his throat, and adjusted his tie. A woman giggled. Seconds later, others took up the tittering.

The guide smiled, as though delighted with a joke that had gone over well. "Nothing like having a sense of humor these days."

I looked around, seeing embarrassed, pitying faces, focused on me. "Sense of humor?" I laughed, weakly. "Yes—but what's the joke?" My wife moved closer to me.

"Joke?" The guide smiled nervously. "Why, there's really no joke, sir, but it was that remark you made about the price . . . \$15,000, you said." He cleared his throat again. "Well, this house sells for \$24,995—and let me tell you, it's a

bargain! Seven rooms, solid oak beams, half an acre of land, and—"

"What do you mean, \$25,000?" I dug into a side pocket and unfurled the page.

"Sir, you're holding up the line. Would you mind—"

"Now look here. Here's the same house we're in. At the bottom is says \$15,000, right?"

"\$15,000 and up, Sir."

"UP? Where's it say 'up'?"

He jabbed a finger into the clipping. "Right there next to the figures, see, right here."

INCREDULOUSLY, I examined the same clipping. There it was. I don't know much about typography, but I can recognize agate type when I see it. The word "up" stood next to the \$15,000 like a pygmy beside King Kong.

This traumatic exercise, and others that followed did improve my eyesight. No longer am I a sucker for such canards as the following:

"HI-FI SET \$50 DOWN"; "FOUR-DOOR SEDAN \$250 DOWN"; "PORTABLE TYPEWRITER \$2 WEEKLY."

It pays advertising to avert your eyes, but my eyes have become masters of such situations—strong, sure and sharp. Working together in perfect focal harmony, both of them magnify to their true, significant proportion all small print, be it used on insurance rider, contract codicil or from a full-page department store advertisement. The big E on eye charts? That's kid stuff.

*The Peiping regime has won only bitter hatred
from the people — an uprising is not impossible*

MAO TSE-TUNG

CHINA'S PAPER TIGER



by Samuel Ling

THE STRONGEST argument for recognizing Red China—or for according it big power status—is that the Communist regime is in firm control of the Chinese mainland. It is also the weakest. True, Communist control over the Chinese people has never been so complete as it is today, but that is not the same as saying that mainland China will never know the meaning of freedom again.

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, in an address delivered before the Convention of the Lions International in San Francisco, June 28, 1957, said, "We can confi-

dently assume that International Communists' rule of strict conformity is, in China as elsewhere, a passing and not a permanent phase." The question then is how long this "passing" will take and how it can be speeded up.

The belief is held by many that the Republic of China pins its hope of returning to the mainland on involving the United States in a war with Red China. Little known is the fact that President Chiang Kai-shek has stated time and again that the success of the anti-Communist campaign depended to a much greater extent on economic, politi-

cal and social measures than on purely military ones. His policy is to resort to force only in the event of a mass uprising on the mainland.

To assess the chances of a Hungarian-type of revolution, it is necessary to review the situation as it exists on the mainland today. Material progress has been substantial. The Communists have set up thousands of new factories producing everything from fountain pens to automobiles. They have built a steel bridge across the Yangtze River. They have expanded the network of railroads and highways. They have a standing army of 3,000,000 and have the means to double it at short notice.

Despite all these real achievements, the Communists have won not the loyalty and gratitude of the people but their bitter hatred. "The whole country is built on the sufferings of the people. It is hell," said Dr. Wang Chi-hsiang, who escaped to Taiwan.

ALL THE MATERIAL progress notwithstanding, reports from the mainland are that the people today work more and more for less and less, and that the tremendous exertions extorted from the people are for the purpose of increasing Red China's military-economic strength; not for the welfare of the people, themselves.

While millions of people were dying of starvation, in 1953, and millions more were scrounging for

roots, the Communists continued to export the full quota of rice and other foodstuffs to India, Ceylon and the Eastern European satellites in exchange for rubber, machinery and other materials of military and economic value. Again, in a directive appearing in an official Communist paper on May 16, 1957, Chou En-lai confirmed what could no longer be kept secret—that another serious famine existed in the principal wheat-growing provinces of Anhwei, Kiangsu, Honan, Shantung and Shansi—but, instead of halting the export of rice and other foodstuffs abroad, he chose to blame the man-made famine on "cold, late frost, insects, pests and hailstorms."

Many six-week visitors who have returned from guided tours on the mainland seem to have been dazzled by what material progress they have seen. They came away with the conviction the Communist regime is in firm control and that opposition has been crushed. However, as recently as January, 1958, Lo Jui-chang, chief of Red China's secret police, casually admitted that in the preceding two years, his men had found it necessary to investigate 18,000,000 workers for "counter-revolutionary thoughts," had smashed 3,000 "revolutionary cliques" and uncovered 100,000 active counter-revolutionaries, 5,000 of them in the Communist Party itself.

The climate of unrest may also be gauged from what followed

the speech by Mao Tse-tung, February 27, 1957. At the time, Mao's expansive assurance to let "a hundred flowers bloom and rival schools of thought contend" was widely interpreted as an indication of a change in the basic internal and external policies of the Communist regime; perhaps, the development of sharp differences between Peiping and Moscow.

Subsequent events proved that Mao's speech presaged nothing of the kind. Discontent had come to such a head that Mao had no choice but to provide a safety valve for mounting resentment. What Mao did not foresee was that, instead of mild rebuke, he would get an avalanche of criticism that would shake the very foundations of his regime.

The flowers in Mao's garden bloomed, and quite a few had their heads lopped off. There have been no reports of mass executions, no big public trials in the crackdown against critics of the regime. It was all done new style, with downgradings, loss of jobs and transfers to back-breaking labor.

At the opening session of the National People's Congress on February 1, 1958, 57 deputies, including three cabinet ministers, were expelled for not toeing the rigid party line. On November 11, the New China News Agency in Peiping reported that 3,000,000 students had been "relocated" in rural areas as farm workers. Aside from being cut off from home, family, friends

and further education, the students are reported to resent bitterly the meager income and the low living standards on the farms.

Reports from refugees arriving in Hong Kong indicate that anti-Communist feeling in predominantly Moslem Sinkiang Province may have taken more violent forms than the protests and complaints reported in the Communist press. An article in a Communist newspaper published in Urumchi, capital of Sinkiang Province, quoted a statement by Major General Tsu Lung-tai, deputy chief of staff of the Sinkiang army district, to the effect that "some Moslems vilified the army corps here . . . and even said the Chinese people are colonists and clamor for their expulsion from Sinkiang." The Communist Sinkiang *Daily News* reported on October 16, 1957, that in the urban centers, "remnant counter-revolutionaries geared their efforts with rightist attacks, distributed reactionary slogans and handbills, posted letters of intimidation, accused and provoked the party and clamored for the overthrow of the Communist Party."

THE SITUATION in Tibet is even worse, from the Communist standpoint. Confirming stories from other sources, *Newsweek* reported on May 6, 1957, that virtually every Tibetan male between 18 and 50 has joined guerrilla forces which continuously attack and harass Pei-

ping's 200,000 troops. Among other grievances, the Tibetans complained that Peiping (1) welshed on its 1950 promise of autonomy, (2) seized land for 300,000 carpet-baggers, (3) forced Tibetans into slave labor and (4) stripped Eastern Tibet alone of \$10,000,000 in food and fodder.

THE OPINION is held by some that such opposition is of no more than nuisance value and that it does not substantially weaken the Communist hold on the Chinese people. Who, then, are the Chinese people?

It is generally agreed that Mao Tse-tung rose to power with the support of the farmers, who constitute 80 per cent of China's population. How do the farmers now feel about Mao Tse-tung, who loved so much to pose as their champion?

The farmers have been reduced to the status of serfs, completely at the mercy of the regime. Professor Karl Wittfogel, a noted historian and an expert on China, pointed out that on a per capita basis, the beneficiaries on the "land reform" received less land than was occupied by the average farmer before the Communists came into power.

On October 16 and 17, 1955, Mao Tse-tung suddenly decreed that the farmers were to begin at once to organize themselves and the land into "production cooperatives." Each cooperative was put under the

control of a Communist director. The Communist New China News Agency reported on April 29, 1958, that China's farmers had been "collectivized." The so-called land reform was a hoax from the start.

Since May, 1958, these cooperatives have been grouped into enormous "people's communes." Each is a militarized economic unit run on a slave basis with no relationship to economic realities.

The life facing Red China's peasants in the communes is one of complete regimentation. Each commune, averaging 21,000 members, is ruled by a committee that controls everything from food distribution to funerals. Organized into work brigades, the commune members can be shunted from farm work to military or industrial duties on a day-to-day basis.

Some communes are already planning to tear down the houses of their members and to use the salvaged brick, tile and timber to build communal barracks. In Honan alone, over 6,000,000 children are now being cared for in communal nurseries. In some of the more advanced communes, "people's mess halls," the Communists boast, have already become the only places to eat. Instead of turning to his wife when his trousers need mending, the commune member now takes his problem to the "sewing brigade." The result, Peiping declares, is that 20,000,000 women in seven provinces now find

themselves "freed" to contribute their family pots and pans to a scrap-metal drive and turn their attention from humdrum housework to such progressive tasks as "road building, tree planting and ditch digging."

THE INCREDIBLE regimentation of China's farmers virtually has been completed. Reports from Peiping indicate, however, that the reorganization is running into trouble.

Towards the end of September, the Communist press was crowing about the successes of the industrial laborers. They had marched into the mountains to dig for iron ore and coal. They had built more than 300,000 furnaces for smelting iron and making steel. They have been assigned to a multitude of other tasks designed to boost Red China's steel production of 10,700,000 tons.

Less than a month later, the Peiping radio broadcast the fact that "grain was being lost in the fields because of a manpower shortage brought about by transfers to iron and steel production." At about the same time, the Peiping *People's Daily* revealed that the shortage of labor, "more serious than in the past," was being felt everywhere in the rural areas. The communes have gone far beyond anything now existing in the Soviet Union and reportedly beyond the recommendation of Nikita Khrushchev, who masterminded the creation of "Ag-

rogorodi (farm cities) and the merging of small collective farms.

Viewing the unhappy situation as it exists on the mainland today, one cannot draw the conclusion that the Communist regime is firmly entrenched. No election of the kind familiar to the democracies has ever been held in Red China and probably none will be. There have been, however, two separate occasions when the Chinese people were offered the freedom of choice. In Korea in 1953, when offered the opportunity, 14,000 Chinese Communist prisoners of war refused to return to their homes and families in Red China, choosing instead to go to Taiwan. Two years later, when the Tachen islands off the coast of Chekiang Province were evacuated, the civilian population was given the choice of evacuation to Taiwan or acceptance of Communist rule. Of the island's 18,500 inhabitants, exactly 19 chose to remain.

In Hong Kong alone, there are nearly 2,000,000 refugees who prefer to eke out a precarious living in the British Colony rather than to live the life of slaves in their own country. In the event of a Hungarian-type, popular uprising on the mainland—and if the Republic of China comes to the aid of the freedom-fighters—it is entirely possible that the Peiping regime may well prove to be a "paper tiger," a name which it hitherto has reserved for the United States.

SUNNYVALE'S

THE NOISE OF FREEDOM

by Dale E. Basye

HEROES IN WAR TIME; scapegoats in peacetime—this has been the status of the military in the eyes of the public since the days of the Roman legions. Many bases of the Air Force and Navy, from which fly the fastest and noisiest planes developed by man, are situated near civilian communities whose window panes are rattled and whose babies are awakened by the thunderous roar of the jets.irate citizens flood the bases' switchboards with protests. Voters write their congressmen urging that operations be moved elsewhere. In some cases, air bases have been closed because of unfavorable public sentiment. Precious defense dollars are used for construction in another area. In such an atmosphere of constant criticism by civilian communities, morale of the military is understandably low.

No such climate of ill will exists between the Naval Air Station, Moffett Field, California, and its small, neighboring city of Sunnyvale. Situated directly under Moffett's landing pattern, Sunnyvale receives the worst of the noise from station operations. Hundreds of supersonic jets and scores of giant Super Con-

stellation transports fly over daily.

However, the motto of Sunnyvale's residents is "Don't take away our jets."

This unusual attitude reflects the town's friendly, neighborly atmosphere and its unique patriotism. Realizing the importance of these supersonic planes to the safety of their community and to the security of the nation, the residents of Sunnyvale regard the noise of the jets as the sound of freedom. Mr. Al Spiers, Secretary-Treasurer of the Sunnyvale Chamber of Commerce, said: "When we hear a Navy jet plane pass over Sunnyvale, we look up and thank the Good Lord that it's one of ours."

This attitude of Sunnyvale toward Moffett Field has prevailed during the quarter century the station and town have been neighbors. Recently, two large transport squadrons were transferred to Moffett from Barbers Point, Hawaii. When the squadrons' first giant Super Constellation transport planes touched down at Moffett with their load of military personnel and dependents, a Sunnyvale delegation was on hand with red carpet and welcoming banners. Baskets of Cal-

ifornia fruit were passed out to the newcomers and a local beauty queen welcomed the Commander with a royal kiss. Impressed, many of the married personnel of the squadron bought homes and settled in the little city.

The base was commissioned in 1933. At that time, Moffett was a lighter-than-air station, home of the USS Macon, one of the largest dirigibles ever built. It was always a holiday for Sunnyvale residents when the Macon, with its crew of 76 men, returned from an extended voyage. Sunnyvale residents invited these men into their homes.

Now, 25 years later, the young pilots of the Navy's sleek supersonic jets receive the same neighborly treatment.

ALMOST WEEKLY, on special tours of the station, groups of Sunnyvale residents are shown the newest supersonic planes. They meet and talk with the pilots. In this way, they learn the vital part the station plays in their defense.

A good example of cooperation between station and town happened not long ago. In order to keep up their accelerated training programs, Moffett squadrons were working their maintenance crews around the clock. After the planes were worked on, they were towed out to the "test stands" and turned up at full power to register the functioning of the newly repaired engine. The thunderous blast of these

jets being tested shook the countryside for several miles.

After receiving several complaints from disturbed Sunnyvale residents, Moffett officials issued an order that night testing of aircraft would be stopped at 10:00 P.M. This was favorably publicized in the Sunnyvale newspaper. Complaints ceased.

Several months ago, a young Navy Lieutenant was making an approach to Moffett in his F8U Crusader, when the supersonic jet flamed out over a residential section of Sunnyvale. An immediate ejection possibly would have saved the pilot's life, but rather than leave his plane to spin into the homes below, he elected to guide it into an orchard. The pilot suffered fatal injuries. Moffett Field's Commanding Officer received a letter of gratitude bearing 150 signatures of grateful Sunnyvale residents. The letter praised the heroism of the pilot and expressed sympathy for his family.

Sunnyvale is a community able to see beyond the noise and disturbance of a jet station and to understand that its purpose is protection.

A Moffett Naval officer said: "If every community were as unselfish and as understanding of the military's problems, the job of the man in uniform would be twice as easy. It's a great boost to a man's morale to know that the community in which he lives appreciates the service he is rendering his country."

A priest asks,

"What is the real face of Communism?"

THE DEVIL'S EMPIRE

by Reverend Richard Ginder

IT WAS ORDERED by Pope Leo XIII, in 1884, that prayers be offered after Mass all over the world for the solution of the Roman Question. This ended in the 1929 Lateran treaties between Italy and the Holy See setting up the sovereign state of Vatican City. But rather than stop the prayers after Mass, Pope Pius XI ordered them continued "for the conversion of Russia," and they are still being recited for that intention. Included among them is a forceful plea to St. Michael the Archangel to "thrust into hell Satan and the other evil spirits who roam about the world seeking the destruction of souls."

Communist news sources in China now report that the Red-dominated "Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics" has suppressed these prayers. According to their reasoning, these "reactionary prayers" were instituted by the Church "to combat the workers' movement"

throughout the world, and the "Satan" mentioned in the prayers is none other than the Communist Party and hence these prayers should be abolished.

One could hardly ask for more authoritative identification than that. However, it only confirms what devout Christians have known for years.

Just before his sudden death on December 26, 1946 at the age of 63, Dom Alois Mager, O.S.B., Dean of the Faculty of Theology in Salzburg, wrote as follows:

"There is one infallible criterion by which we may distinguish all that is satanic—the criterion given us by Christ Himself. In a discussion with the Jews, He said to them:

"You are of your father the devil: the desires of your father you will do. He was a murderer from the beginning and he stood not in the truth, because the truth is not

in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father thereof' (John 8: 44)."

Father Alois goes on to explain that "The human spirit is created for truth. In its narrowness and blindness it may make mistakes; it may even defend error fanatically. But lying is not error: it is more. It is the conscious reversal of truth. If the human spirit gives itself voluntarily to lying, it is acting against its metaphysical nature. Only spiritual beings, which is what demons are, can live essentially in the perversity of the lie. Wherever lying has become the principle of life—the inner essence of intelligence, will, and action—one may be sure that the forces of Satan are directly at work."

Now lying is the essence of Communism. It has organized a phenomenon never before known in world history: universal treason—an army of traitors who speak like patriots in their several countries. Richard Arens, staff director of the House Un-American Activities Committee, has estimated that there are 13 million fifth-column agents in the world today who "have a zeal unmatched since the days of the Christian martyrs." He estimates that there is the equivalent of a division of foreign agents on American soil.

The whole membership of the Party with its tools, dupes, sympathizers, and fellow travelers, is mar-

shaled behind the perpetration of the Big Lie, starting with the denial of God and ending with the fantastic notion that the Red Empire is a peace-loving democracy. Our very language has been turned inside-out and upside-down to serve the Father of Lies.

As Dr. Fred Schwartz pointed out in his brilliant and now classic summary: "Every act that contributes to the Communist conquest is a peaceful act. If they take a gun, they take a peaceful gun, containing a peaceful bullet, and kill you peacefully, and put you in a peaceful grave. When the Chinese Communists murder millions, it is an act of peace. When the Russian tanks rolled into Budapest to butcher and destroy, it was glorious peace."

LAST JULY in Copenhagen, I strolled into a cafeteria for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Enjoying his lunch across the table from me was a young fellow who turned out to be a deskman for Scandinavian Airlines.

"About the Communists," I ventured tentatively: "how do you Danes feel about resistance, coexistence, and maybe liberating the captive nations?"

He took a long look at my clerical collar and the yards of black broadcloth that covered me from chin to toe.

"Father," he said thoughtfully, "let's be frank. It all depends on

your philosophy of life. You believe in an afterlife. Therefore you have the courage to resist. I suppose there are many Danes who would agree with you. But as for me—I have no faith. This life is all I have, and it is very sweet. Therefore I believe in coexistence, appeasement—give them whatever they want to keep them happy.”

“But a time may come when you will have to put your foot down,” I persisted. “Will you wait until they land in Helgoland or Jutland?”

“I would wait until they took Copenhagen,” he said simply.

His logic was faultless. Why resist evil if there be no afterlife?

But that proposition raises a further question: What is the driving force behind Communism? For, like my Dane, your Communist is a materialist. He has no belief in things of the spirit. And yet he professes himself willing to die for his cause and Richard Arens says he has “a zeal unmatched since the days of the Christian martyrs.”

IT SHOULD be enough to convince anyone that *Communism is in truth the mystical body of Anti-Christ*. It is a more than human movement. Infused with the preternatural dynamic of hatred and murder (“He [the devil] was a murderer from the beginning . . .”), it somehow inspires its members as the charity of Christ inspires us.

Hence, the *Mystical Body of*

Christ is the one force that can conquer Communism. The good pagans and post-Christians will eventually cave in, leaving the convinced believers in God to fight the battle with prayer and sacrifice, by interposing their own bodies if need be, to throw back the forces of Anti-Christ and regain this world for Christ.

It becomes clear once you grasp that central fact. The evidence keeps piling up. For instance:

Christ predicted that the lies of the Anti-Christ at the end of the world would deceive even “the elect.”

This is happening before our eyes. The free world has made 52 treaties with the Devil’s Empire in the past several years and we have been fooled 50 times out of those 52. We were fooled on the Summit Conference. We have been fooled on nuclear disarmament.

Modern science surmises that our earth is between two and three thousand million years old, with mankind on earth only 500,000 or 600,000 of those years. Philosophically speaking, matter itself is indestructible. Annihilation can be accomplished only by the Creator.

Whatever one may decide about the closeness of the end, there can be no doubt but that, in battling Communism, we are fighting what is in essence a holy war—a *battle between love and hatred, between truth and deceit, between Christ and Anti-Christ*.

Search for truth is the noblest occupation of man; its *publication a duty*,
MADAME DE STAEL

Do You Know?

● “It was by false propaganda that a strongly emotional warlike attitude was gradually engendered in this nation prior to World War I and World War II. The vast majority of Americans, however, did not really know in 1917 why they were called upon to fight. They were told we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy. Later, in World War II, they were told of the Four Freedoms. Not one of those high-sounding objectives was attained.

● “We followed an inane cycle of killing and destroying: then of wooing our enemies and rehabilitating the areas devastated by war: then, paradoxically, preparing with former enemies as staunch allies to oppose former friends as hated enemies.

● “Americans regarded war as a game which one simply strives with all one’s might to win. Churchill’s forensic utterances were useful in nerving up his followers, but his lack of any clearly defined aim beyond “killing Germans” and “total victory at all costs” was incredibly superficial, indeed tragic. War is a grim and earnest business and is judged by its results. One cannot achieve any purpose worth the terrible sacrifice of blood and treasure, as well as the demoralization experienced by victors and vanquished alike, if war is engaged in either as a game or a crusade against a mythical ‘power of darkness’ symbolized by the person of the enemy.

● “After slaying one dragon, we found ourselves confronted in 1945 with a bigger and more dangerous one. Having wanted to win at any cost, we insured the emergence of a more hostile, menacing, predatory power than Nazi Germany, one which has enslaved more people than we ‘liberated.’ This fact became obvious when, only three years after her defeat, we started to resurrect the Germany we had sworn to destroy.

● “We needed this Germany as our partner in the defense of Europe against our former ally, the Soviet Union.”—General Albert C. Wedemeyer in his recent book, *Wedemeyer Reports!* (Holt, New York)



THE WEATHER AND YOU

by Alson J. Smith

Today's forecast will influence your life tomorrow

WHY CAN'T JOHNNY read? Because of the weather. Why does docile, tail-wagging old Rover suddenly decided to remove the seat of the postman's pants? The weather. Why does Jim become a distinguished scientist and make *Who's Who* while his brother Jack settles for a skid-row flophouse? Again—the weather!

In fact, the climatologists are saying today, the weather is probably the most important nonhereditary factor in our lives. Respiration, pulse rate, blood pressure, the chemical composition of the blood and urine, the concentration of ions, and the general metabolism all pass through rapid changes from day to day according to the weather. The outside temperature at the time of conception may well determine a person's future mental capacity, physical vigor, and

longevity. Continued exposure to high temperatures may make men (and animals) sterile! These are just a few of the sensational recent findings of the climatologists.

To begin with lovable old Rover—when the barometer falls the climatologists say he may become a different dog. He feels depressed, nervous, irritable. Chemical changes he doesn't understand and over which he has no control are taking place inside him. All he knows is that he feels like biting somebody. But when the barometer stops falling, Rover is his old lovable self again.

So it is with humans. For centuries, it has been recognized that a falling barometer presages strange and unpredictable behaviour.

In the face of a falling barometer, climatologists say, important business and personal decisions

should be postponed until the "pressure" (atmospheric) begins to lift. People should realize that they are not "themselves" and allowances should be made for moodiness, short temper, irritability, and a tendency to throw off ordinary restraints, both in men and animals.

HOWEVER, the most important discovery of the climatologists is the relationship between weather, or climate, and *conception*. Army intelligence tests, analyses of *Who's Who* in both the United States and Great Britain, and such studies as Ellsworth Huntington's *Season of Birth*, A. B. Fitt's *Seasonal Influence on Growth, Function and Inheritance*, and C. A. Mills' *Climate Makes the Man*, all show conclusively that at all social levels the highest IQ occurs with late-autumn, winter, and early-spring conceptions, and the lowest with summer and early fall conceptions. The likelihood of a person conceived in winter entering college is *twice* as great as that of one conceived in summer. On an average, the chances of permanent fame are 50-100 per cent greater among Americans born in February than those born in April or May. In the *Who's Who* study, it was found that more of the men and women listed were born in February than in any other month. August (April births) was the lowest month for *Who's Who* conceptions.

At the other end of the scale,

Doctors Benjamin Pesamanick and Hilda Knobloch of Ohio State University found in a recent study of the birth dates of all persons admitted to the Columbus, Ohio, State School between 1860 and 1949, that there was a definite correlation between summer conception and mental deficiency. They found that a hot summer means that more mentally-deficient babies will be born in the winter and early spring. When checked against the number of births and the specific months, February had the highest rate of mentally-deficient children, followed in order by March, November, December, January, April, May, June, September, July and August.

Oddly enough, February leads as a birth month in both mental deficiency and a listing in *Who's Who*. The experts explain this by saying that mental deficiency and exceptional intellectual ability bear a much closer clinical relationship to each other than either does to normality.

Doctors Pesamanick and Knobloch have another explanation. They believe that very hot weather between the eighth and twelfth weeks of pregnancy may cause mental deficiency. Thus the August heat may be responsible for the mental deficiency of the June-conceived child. They suggest that a hot summer reduces the protein intake of the expectant mother, who just doesn't feel like eating, and

urge mothers-to-be to maintain a high protein and vitamin intake in hot weather.

MIDSUMMER is the worst time for conception, the climatologists say, because body-stress is at its height during hot weather. The human "inheritance-level" is higher when stress is lower, and the human organism suffers the least stress during late autumn, winter, and early spring. Mankind is most healthy and vigorous at a temperature of about 65 degrees Fahrenheit. Fertility is highest when the outdoor temperature is between 60 and 65 degrees. Winter temperatures averaging 40 degrees make human beings somewhat less fertile, but children conceived when the outdoor temperature readings are in the 40's are likely to be vigorous, healthy, intelligent, and long-lived.

Studies made by Professors C. A. Mills and David Belding indicate a definite relationship between high temperatures and human reproductive ability. Professor Belding has discovered that there is a seasonal fluctuation in the number of spermatazoa men produce. They are most numerous—and most vigorous—in December, declining to a minimum in number and vigor in March, rising to a second maximum in May, and then falling to a main minimum in August.

Professor Mills discovered in his experiments with white mice that

mice kept at 65 degrees reproduced almost every time they mated. The litters were big and the vitality high. But at 90-degree temperatures, conception was difficult and the litters small and puny.

Professor Mills urges young married couples who live in a year-round warm climate to try to spend several weeks in a cool climate before attempting conception.

To wrap up the case against conceiving children in a warm climate or at high temperatures, Professor Ellsworth Huntington cites the fact that very few great world leaders come from tropical countries, and that when they do (the prophet Mohammed, for instance) they are found to have been born in the cool uplands of their warm countries. "Is it not possible," he says, "that in some unknown way conception at lower temperatures exerts a favorable effect upon the nerves, the brain, the ductless glands, and the other organs that influence the amount and nature of mental activity?"

Not only are children conceived at lower temperatures likely to be stronger and more intelligent, they also tend to outlive those conceived during hot weather. Studying daily deaths in New York City for a six-year period, Professor Huntington found that when the temperature falls the death rate tends to fall on that day and the next. When the temperature rises, so does the death rate. In the eastern United States,

people conceived in late May and early June—before summer stress sets in—live an average of four years longer than those conceived in late August and early September. In Australia, people born in hot Queensland die an average of ten years sooner than those born in cool Victoria!

THE TROUBLE IS, the climatologists say, that although the best inheritance comes from late-autumn, winter, and early-spring conceptions, there are many more late-spring and summer conceptions. The peak for the reproductive act is the first half of summer, when the seasonal organic reorganization of the body and increased emotionality result in a maximum number of reproductive acts. And then, there's the June-honeymoon business. Very bad, they say. Honeymoons should be taken in April or May. Or, better yet, January or February. And *not* in Florida or the sunny Caribbean, either!

On top of all this, there's the undeniable fact that the climate of North America is changing. Doctor William Baxter, in his book *Today's Revolution in Weather*, tells us that the climate of the whole continent is getting progressively warmer. The southern half of the United States will be semi-tropical and life there will slow down to the *poco-tiempo* of Latin America.

So for maximum vigor, creativity, fertility, health, and longevity in the future, "go North young man," says Professor Baxter. He sees the Pacific Northwest, Canada, Alaska, and New England as tomorrow's lands of opportunity weather-wise.

Weather makes the man or woman in more ways than we realize. From before birth until death its winds and temperatures mould us, helping to determine our intelligence, physical vigor, success, fertility, inheritance, and length of life. Of all life's "hidden persuaders," the weather is the greatest.

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REBELLION

by Ewart A. Autry

WHEN I was a small boy I always sat—with my little blouse stiffly starched, and my hair nicely combed—on the front seat at church. I sat there because I was the minister's little boy, and it would have been scandalous for me to sit elsewhere. It is little wonder that many preachers' children are bad. Too much is expected of them.

I wanted to move to the back seat, tousle my hair until I looked like a pint-sized baboon and pull out the drawstring of my blouse. I wanted to stay outside the church until the congregation started singing. Some of the other boys did.

I found myself recklessly wishing I could say "doggone it" just as loud as any of them.

To me, the fellow who said, "doggone it" was a cussing dude. He was a daredevil whom I longed to imitate. It was all right for other youngsters to do those things, but if I had done them, the congregation would have wagged their heads and said, "He's a bad one, isn't he?" My parents would have felt disgraced. I would have been hurt—not inwardly, but outwardly.

I was fenced in by the expectations of the public. I was expected to be a little angel, when my natural tendency was to be a little devil.

Other boys could scratch their backs at church. Mine had to itch. They could wiggle their noses like rabbits, but I didn't dare wiggle mine. They could turn their heads at all angles to squint at late comers while I had to look cross-eyed to do it. In the summertime, they could go to church barefooted and enjoy a long sermon by wiggling their toes. I had to wear shoes.

At school, it was the same thing. Other boys could send paper wads whamming across the room and get no more than a whipping if caught. I didn't dare do such a thing. Folks would say, "The preacher had better pin down on that boy. He's going to the bad." Nor could I get involved in gambling, playing marbles for keeps.

Another boy caught a girl and kissed her. They dared me do the same. Because I was the preacher's son I backed down, publicly, but I kissed her later, secretly.

Some boys sneaked chewing tobacco to school. I envied them as they cuddled their jaws and spit red. If I spit at all, it had to be as colorless as water. A few of the boys would fight. One boy got a front tooth knocked out. After the fight, he calmly spit out the tooth, and created a laugh by saying,

"Boys, ain't **she** a **big** one?" I envied such nonchalance. I envied that gap in his mouth, for I, too, wanted to spit out a tooth.

I was 13 when I fell in love. She was a little blonde who sat across the aisle from me at school. I suddenly liked the way she tossed her head. She tossed it just like a little filly we had in the pasture. One day her hair with the sun shining on it made me stare like a bird dog on point. She noticed me noticing her and gave me a few sly glances. Then I borrowed her pencil, and her hand touched mine. The next day the little blonde smiled directly at me, and that was the day the preacher's son rebelled.

I went out at recess and bit a whole corner off a plug of tobacco, chewed it until I was green in the face, and spit like a treed wildcat. I won seven marbles playing for keeps, and said "doggone it" a dozen times. I had three fights, got one tooth knocked out and another one jarred loose. I gloried in the way the boys eyed me respectfully. When school was out, I grabbed the blonde's books and swaggered recklessly away beside her. I wasn't reckless enough, though, to go all the way to her house. Her father was sitting on the porch.

When I reached home, father looked me over from head to foot but didn't ask many questions. I think he was wise enough to know that I had reached a rebellious stage.

In fact, **I** thought I caught a fleeting smile on his face as he turned away.

That particular rebellion lasted about a month. It was a month of wonderful puppy love. Then a new boy started school. Within a week my dreamgirl was smiling at him, and I was out in the cold.

I humbly crawled back into my fenced-in position as the preacher's son, but the gap in my mouth still showed. It helped my feelings a lot to grin at myself in the mirror and say out loud, "Son, you spit out a big 'un." When I felt frustrated, I would juggle in my pocket those marbles I had won. This made me feel better, this was the unquieted daredevil hidden within me.

More rebellions came at various stages in my life. They never resulted in anything serious enough to disgrace my dad, but they caused people to prophesy that I would come to no good end. I degenerated to such an extent that I stole a watermelon from my grandfather's patch. It tickled the old gentleman very much, because he happened to be sitting on a stump watching me.

Those wild days are over. I am a minister now, with children of my own. I suppose they also feel fenced-in. I won't be surprised if one of them comes in with a gap in his mouth, and marbles rattling in his pocket. I hope I shall understand why he has suddenly become a fighting fool and a gambling man.

WIT'S END

MUM's the word, that's because chrysanthemum is too difficult to spell.

WHEN you study the records of political candidates you are usually thankful that only one will be elected.

A MIDWESTERN college recently displayed a poster offering "A Short Course in Accounting for Women."

It has now been withdrawn. Someone wrote across it, in bold, unmistakably masculine handwriting, "There is no accounting for women."

USUALLY the man who admits taking an occasional drink finds the occasion comes up pretty often.

WHEN a woman finds she's lacking in natural beauty, she usually tries to make up for it.

A FATHER explained to his little girl that prayers were messages to God—"like telegrams."

"Then," she asked, "is that the reason why we send them at night, so we get the lower rates?"

BUSINESS MEN call a spade a spade but they won't call a club a club—they call it "working late at the office."

"YOU PROMISED you wouldn't buy another dress," moaned the husband. "What on earth made you do it?"

"Dear," replied the modern Eve, "the devil tempted me."

"You should have said 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

"Oh I did," she replied sweetly, "and then I heard him say 'It fits you just beautifully in the back.'"

THE only private telephone is the one that isn't connected.

TWO MEN were chatting on a park bench when the subject of income tax came up. "If you earn \$4,000 a year," said one, "and your wife earns nothing, she's a dependent."

"Sure," was the gloomy response, "and if your wife earns \$4,000 a year and you earn nothing, you're a bum!"

BY THE TIME a family acquires a nest egg these days, inflation has turned it into chicken feed.

COLORING HISTORY RED

by Ilanon Moon

BUT HOW can we know subversion when we read it?"

It is a question regularly asked me in my high school classes when I talk to them about the present dangers besetting their liberty.

I can usually pick up some book or magazine on my desk and give them a sample with an explanation that they readily comprehend.

"But," they say, "you have had to point it out. You have the knowledge and experience to recognize it. We don't. We read that stuff and think it's true."

Youth itself has precisely analyzed its own predicament.

It is easy to arouse our young people to the threat to their freedom, but difficult to show them how to locate that threat. Progressive education has deprived them of the study of history and crippled their ability even to read. But if they are to escape the all-powerful state, they must be taught to recognize subversion when they see it.

The teacher who aspires to do this can find all the material he needs in the high school library.

Unintentionally, many books on library shelves contain the virus of statism designed to poison the mind of American youth. Komroff's *Julius Caesar* is such a book. And why should not the librarian put it in the library? It is recommended on page 284 of the *Standard Catalogue for High School Libraries*, seventh edition, 1957, published by H. W. Wilson Company. The *Standard Catalogue* is prepared "with the assistance and advice of the American Association of School Librarians (a division of the American Library Association)."

Julius Caesar is in our high school library, but no adolescent who touches it can fail to recognize it for what it is. For with underlining, marginal notes, and analysis, I have made it into a concrete example of socialist propaganda.

Line after line is underscored with misstatements, deceptions, and half-truths noted. To the three front fly leaves, I have pasted a typed explanation of the propagandist's methods and analyzed the techniques used in this particular book.

Those three pages of explanation and analysis read as follows:

This book is an excellent example of the subtle propaganda which has been for years undermining our American way of life.

Komroff is, and always has been, an avowed socialist, and in this book he has made Caesar a socialist angel.

Caesar is one of the greatest characters of all history, but he emphatically was not any kind of angel, least of all a socialist angel. He was an aristocrat through and through. He was a senator, but Komroff, while condemning the "evil" and "corrupt" senators, neglects to mention this fact. He writes always as if Caesar were not a part of that corrupt senate. While damning rich men, he ignores Caesar's own methods of amassing wealth and passes over his friend Crassus, the most money-grabbing and venal Roman of them all.

The book is biased and unscholarly. While trying to make Caesar a socialist angel, Komroff has succeeded mainly in endowing him with the bourgeois virtues so despised by the socialist. While making him protector of the "dear people" he has portrayed a softened and benevolent dictator who takes away the people's rights for their own good.

I have underlined and commented on the most obvious errors and propaganda in this little book. And that you may not be asked to accept my word alone, I have given you underlined references in Gerard Walter's biography of Caesar which is also in our library.

The numbers I have written beside my comments all refer to pages in Walter's book.

Gerard Walter's work is among the latest, most scholarly, and most authoritative biographies of Caesar. By comparing his book with this one of Komroff's you can see the distinction between the scholar and the propagandist, both dealing with the same facts of history.

The propagandist colors, distorts, and often changes the facts of history. The scholar looks objectively at his material and states only what he can prove by the documentary evidence to which he has access.

Historical documents and primary sources, including his own writings, show Caesar for the man he was, brilliant, charming, sagacious, generous and realistic, but ambitious and determined to rule Rome. With all his superiority of brain, soul, and character above the gutter-snipe dictators of the modern world he was still a dictator. Like Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini, he was a master of propaganda, external as well as internal, and he used the same methods for gaining power. . . . His climb to power in Rome was affected through bribery, demagogery and all the means so familiar to us today. His conquest of Gaul and other countries was accomplished by the same technique used by Hitler and Stalin who merely appropriated the old Roman rule of "divide et regna." He weakened his enemies from the inside with internal dissensions, dividing them with his appeal to their bigotry, jealousy, self-interest, and greed.

The real story of Caesar is very much like that of Hitler and Stalin with much more intelligence and finesse and less blood and vulgarity. Caesar was much more adroit and subtle than our modern brand of dictators, but he did not hesitate to be cruel when he considered it necessary to his purpose. His political sagacity was far keener than that of the modern dictators, and his aristocratic training made it more difficult for him to stoop to their crudities.

A study of Caesar's life focuses our attention not only on Caesar's ambition to be dictator of Rome but on the deterioration of the republican spirit and institutions which gave him the impetus for his ambition. Caesar was a clear-sighted realist who understood that Romans no longer could, nor wanted to, rule themselves. The corruption and incompetence of his day were sufficient evidence that he had correctly appraised Rome's spirit.

The Senate was corrupt! Caesar was corrupt! All Rome was corrupt! But Komroff, by blaming all the woes of the Republic on the aristocratic party, minimizes everybody's guilt but that of the aristocracy. This is the socialist's point of view, and the writer who propounds it is spreading socialist propaganda.

The student of history knows that a corrupt ruling class in a representative government is always the reflection of corruption in the electorate—the people will elect corrupt, self-interested officials to do their will.

The malaise of our own civiliza-

tion reflects the fatal illness to which Rome succumbed, and such books as this, painlessly injecting the virus of communism into the brains of our youth, are paralyzing the American system of personal liberty.

It is with language that communism ensnares its victims. But communism never announces itself. It masquerades in the guise of time-honored phrases. When it says "democracy" it means *statism*. When it says "freedom" it means *slavery*. When it talks about "the people's rights" it means dictatorship.

The people of Caesar's day were a far cry from the great old Romans of the early Republic. If they had not been, Caesar could have never been dictator.

For such books as this those old Romans had a word of advice: *Emptor caveat!* Let the buyer beware!

OBVIOUSLY, the teacher can not have time to give every book in the library such detailed treatment. But it is amazing how just a few such volumes will put high school students on the alert for examples of such propaganda.

It took me hours to do the careful reading, noting, typing, and pasting necessary for these two books, but I do not begrudge that time and trouble. When I walk into the library and see a youngster earnestly comparing Komroff's book with Walter's, I know I have planted a seed of liberty in the only soil worth tending—the mind of youth.

THE MENTAL HEALTH GOLDBRICK

by Matt Cvetic

Americans must look for the motives behind this program.

LEADING television, stage, screen and radio personalities donated hours of their time and talent in May, 1958, to a telethon originating in Hollywood. The telethon marked a "public interest" fund-raising effort. Its pitch was Mental Health, which—TV viewers were warned repeatedly—was in an alarming state. Therefore, said the promoters, the need for money was most urgent.

As entertainment, the telethon was all that could be expected; as a fund-raiser, despite frequent appeals by performers and announcers, it was not a success.

The campaign may have missed its monetary goal because the public is tired of the numerous charity drives to which it constantly is being subjected.

Some attributed the financial flop to doubt that the need was as serious as pictured. Others suspected the motives of certain persons in the mental health field.

There is evidence that the latter possibility was largely responsible. Newspaper readers' letters throughout the country the past year or so have indicated citizens are becoming concerned about the sincerity of all the hand-wringing over America's mental health.

Certain "authorities" have been insisting that the number of mental cases is growing and the need for more hospital space is critical. Yet, in a statement released to the Associated Press at New York City June 8, 1958, the National Association for Mental Health revealed that the number of mental cases in

hospitals was on the decline. The statement added, however, that it was not because fewer patients were being admitted, but because more were being released after successful treatment.

In the 1958-59 budget submitted to the California State Legislature by Governor Goodwin J. Knight, the following significant sentence appears on Page 781: "Due to the leveling off of the mentally ill patient population, no major construction projects for additional bed capacity are proposed in this budget." That statement appears doubly significant when viewed in light of the fact that California is now the fastest growing state in the Union.

Nevertheless, a citizen who dares oppose any phase of the vast and costly mental health program, anywhere at any time, invariably is attacked from certain quarters.

"Who's against mental health except a few crackpots?" sneer Communists, their allies and dupes, whenever anyone questions enlarging the mental health program.

FORTUNATELY, enough hardy souls have dared speak out, often enough and loud enough to slow down the mental health machine. Only a few days after the Hollywood telethon, two Southern California communities put on the brakes. The Wiseburn School District, in the Inglewood area, rejected participation in Los Angeles County's Mental Health Survey in

public schools. And the City of Long Beach postponed participation in the Mental Health Program for one year. A short time later, the *Los Angeles Examiner*, a Hearst newspaper, began publication of an exposé series of articles under the title of "Mental Health Confusion."

By November 24, 1958, there was so much public interest in the mental health controversy that a record turnout of more than 500 citizens attended a hearing before the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. The meeting was called to hear proponents and opponents of projected County participation in California's new mental health set-up under the Short-Doyle Act, which provides that State funds will match County expenditures for the establishment of mental health clinics.

Some opponents mentioned the possibility of subversive influences in such programs, but the majority of opposition spokesmen warned of high costs which the State could not afford in view of its recent record deficit.

Although the Los Angeles County Medical Association was on record in favor of the program, individual physicians opposed it on the grounds of lack of adequately trained personnel and the fear that costs might be far beyond anything anticipated. One Long Beach physician who opposed the scheme, said many other doctors did so privately, but were afraid to speak up because

of "subtle pressures" brought to bear on them within their association.

Despite warnings of serious financial involvement, in which the Supervisors' own Hospital Advisory Committee joined, the board voted three to two to implement the Short-Doyle program and appoint a committee to set it in motion.

WHAT ACTUALLY is behind the mental health propaganda with which Americans have been deluged?

Much of the "fearthought" has an ulterior Communist motive behind it. A very considerable amount of the concern about our declining mental health has been engendered by Kremlin agents for the purpose of demoralizing the American people and spreading defeatism. A part of Communist psychological warfare, it is deliberately calculated to render us ineffective and make us easier prey. The irony of it is that we, the intended victims, are the ones who are paying the bill for our own ultimate destruction!

That is a typical Communist technique devised by Lenin and Stalin. Their diabolically cunning program is being carried on in this country by highly trained and disciplined secret Soviet and American Communist agents. Through the "professional units" of the Communist conspiracy, Reds are funneled into the Social, Health and Welfare fields of our local, state and

national governments and institutions.

Many times thoughtless people have asked me, "But what possible harm can a Communist do in Social, Health and Welfare work?" Because of that naive attitude on the part of too many Americans, the scheming Reds have had a field day.

During the nine years that I posed as a Communist for our FBI, I learned that up to one-third of the members of the Communist Party's professional units were assigned to the all-important work of spreading confusion. The Reds have received valuable help from self-seekers, high-society do-gooders, intellectual day-dreamers, goldbrickers and political opportunists. Such people are helping to promote this almost overlooked but dangerous phase of the Kremlin's psychological warfare against us.

Their names and positions often lend respectability to the Reds' dirty work. It is the support of such people that helps further the Communist plot to destroy not only our mental health but our nation itself.

When I inquired recently why a certain person with a long Red-front record was employed in a high advisory capacity in a mental health program, I was told, "Oh, but he's been cleared!" Cleared of what? What are we expected to do—give a position of trust in a vital spot to everyone who has lent aid to the Red enemy?

Isn't it significant that some of

the so-called "experts" who have wheedled their way into mental health programs have been involved with conspiratorial groups at one time or another? Yet they are allowed to prescribe for our mental health and that of our children!

THE VITAL mental health field should be left in the hands of qualified and loyal psychiatrists, psychologists, family doctors and clergymen who understand and fully appreciate our American way of life. Only among such qualified citizens do we have the trustworthy trained men and women competent to deal with the emotional and spiritual needs of loyal Americans.

There is, in this country, a small but vociferous group of misguided professional men and women whose gospel is the murderous, materialistic and godless one of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev. Their vicious doctrine includes their right to commit mass murder and enforce mass enslavement. They arrogate to themselves the power of life and death over all humanity.

The sudden interest of these and certain internationally-minded persons in our mental "health" should be the subject of thorough scrutiny. We must learn to what degree the conniving Reds and their allies already have infiltrated mental health work, one of the most vital areas of our American society.

"in like a lamb . . . out like a lion"

March, third month in the Julian calendar, heralds the awakening of nature across the country, with the first day of spring on the 21st.

Busy as we'll be with our spring planting plans, during the month, we'll be observing Memorial Day in Nebraska, Texas Independence Day, Town Meeting Day in Vermont, Andrew Jackson's Birthday in Tennessee, Evacuation Day in Massachusetts, Emancipation Day in Puerto Rico, Kuhio Day in Hawaii, Seward's Day in Alaska, Magellan Day on Guam and wherever the Irish hold forth the shamrocks will burst into bloom on St. Patrick's Day.

Public Relations staffs and their allied fields will busy themselves in focusing our interests thru stimulating campaigns on behalf of National Weights and Measures Week, Return the Borrowed Book Week, Girl Scout Week, National Smile Week, Honey for Breakfast Week, how we'll ever get through the week of the 15th is anybody's guess; simultaneously it's National Wildlife Week, National Rice Week, and National Slenderizing Week.

National Wallpaper Month begins on the 15th, National Catholic Educational Association Annual Convention opens on the 31st, Palm Sunday falls on the 22nd and Easter Sunday the 29th. Looking forward, April follows closely behind March winds with spring in full sway and something new to celebrate with each warm, sun-filled day.

Sally Tompkins

CAPTAIN, CONFEDERATE ARMY



by Robert S. Holzman

JEFFERSON DAVIS dedicated his autobiography "To The Women Of the Confederacy . . ." Many of them aided the military in invaluable ways, and some proudly bore honorary titles; only one woman was granted a regular army commission by the Secretary of War.

The opening of the Civil War in 1861 found Miss Sally Louise Tompkins living at the Arlington House in Richmond with her mother and sister. Sally was then 28 years of age. She was quite small, not over five feet in height, but there was dignity and force in her presence. She was not a beauty, but it was said of her that she had "a splendid face." A portrait of the period shows her long, determined mouth, narrow eyes, her hair parted straight down the center and tightly drawn back to expose her ears.

Sally was born on November 9, 1833, at Poplar Grove, Mathews County, Virginia. When her father died, the family left their rambling frame house with its tall portico and moved to Richmond. It would have been easy for her, by

reason of the family wealth, to take a steamer from the Cape Fear River, and go to Europe to stay "for the duration" but she felt it her duty to remain in Virginia.

At the start of the war, Richmond had a population of about 37,000 persons, but there were few hospitals. The South had no effective national hospital or relief organization such as that in the North. Caring for the first of the war wounded was thrust upon untrained civilians. Warehouses were overcrowded with disabled soldiers. Temporary structures were hastily nailed together. But that was not enough. "Every house was opened for the wounded," recorded one Southern woman. "They lay on verandas, in halls, in drawing rooms of stately mansions . . ."

After the first Battle of Manassas, the great vans of the Southern Express Company brought in cargoes of suffering, gray-clad men. Judge John Robertson sent Sally a message that, as his family had moved to the country for an indefinite stay, she could make use of his spacious town house. She equipped this building (at the northwest corner of Third and Main Streets) at her own expense. On July 31, 1861, ten days after First Manassas, she opened the doors of what she called the Robertson Hospital for the care of wounded and sick men from the battlefields. The government assigned six surgeons to the hospital.

Sally took her mother's old cook

to the hospital to handle the kitchen. Another cook was loaned by Dr. Spotswood Welford. Bandages and linen were supplied by townspeople of high and low station; and women who could not stand the sounds, sights, and odors of a hospital, rolled bandages at home. Food was purchased by Miss Tompkins or was donated by patriotic Southerners. Medicines were from captured Northern stocks. Later, when medicines and drugs were declared by the North to be contraband of war, the necessary articles were furnished by blockade runners.

AT FIRST there was no shortage of assistance. An observer told how one young girl approached a sick man with a pan of water in one hand and a towel over her arm. "Mayn't I wash your face?" she asked him. "Well, lady," he replied, "you may if you want to. It's been washed fourteen times this morning. It can stand another time, I reckon." Because of the Tompkins' family name and social prominence, the Robertson Hospital became the focus of Richmond's wealth, beauty and fashion each day. But after the first flush of patriotic enthusiasm, the hospitals were regarded as the place for only the most stout-hearted women. Sally directed the work and provided what was needed. So careful was the attention furnished here that word of it spread widely, and many wounded men from dis-

tant places begged to be taken to her establishment.

In the midst of everything was Sally Tompkins. She had a medicine chest strapped to her side, a Bible always in her hand. The patients quickly learned that they could not argue with her. She used her own ample means generously but unlike certain private hospitals, she did not charge her patients. Outrageous charging was only one of the abuses that led the Confederate government to order that private hospitals be discontinued. Because of lack of over-all control, and for reasons of economy, the government thought it advisable to consolidate Richmond's numerous hospitals into a few large ones, such as Chimborazo, Camp Jackson, Camp Winder, and Howard Grove.

The order directed that all soldiers in private hospitals be transferred to institutions under direct governmental control. Soldiers could be treated at no hospital except one that was under a commissioned officer with a rank not lower than that of captain, which was the rank of an assistant surgeon.

While ambulances for the transfer of her patients waited at the door, Miss Tompkins went to see the president of the Confederacy to ask that her hospital be exempted from the order. She brought along her hospital register. Dr. William Berrien Burroughs later wrote in *Southern Practice*: "The number of men returned to the army was

very large; in fact, her hospital record of deaths was lower than—and her record of soldiers returned to their commands was greater than—that of any other hospital in Richmond."

Sally was determined that "her boys" should not be taken from their beds. But, as the order had been the result of an act of the Confederate Congress to absorb the private institutions into the military organization, President Davis felt he could not ignore the law. His methodical mind worked out a solution: he would have her commissioned as an officer in the Confederate army; then she could continue to direct her hospital as an integral part of the military organization. On September 9, 1861, L. P. Walker, the Secretary of War, signed her commission as Captain of Cavalry, unassigned. As a captain, she could issue orders and draw army rations. She accepted the commission, but would not let her name be placed upon the payroll.

"I had the rank and title, everything except the pay," she explained.

WOMEN bandaged wounds, fanned flies, brought water, washed the disabled, hunted for ice and supplies. Some volunteer workers discharged their own obligations by bringing in their servants for the less glamorous tasks, but the work got done. Women of means visited the hospitals daily with gifts. Some women cultivated poppies for opi-

um and laudanum. A generation after the war, a minister wrote that "more than to the surgeons, the credit of any comfort or sunshine in the hospital was due to our noble women . . ."

Many southerners resented the presence of females in the hospitals. One worker declared that "There is scarcely a day passes that I do not hear some derogatory remarks about the ladies who are in the hospitals, until I think, if there is any credit due them at all, it is for the moral courage they have in braving public opinion."

But such carping made no impression upon Captain Tompkins. The only personal reaction that she noticed was the frequently-repeated offer of marriage. She would smile and say, "Poor fellows, they are not yet well of their fevers."

Her hospital functioned until June 13, 1865. During this period

there were 1,333 admissions. Only 73 men died in the institution, a very low record for those days.

After the war, Captain Tompkins did not forget her interest in the soldiers of the Confederacy. She was a prominent figure at military reunions for many years. The family fortune was lost in the war, but at the 1896 reunion in Richmond, she rented a large house to provide shelter for the veterans.

As her meager funds failed, she went to live in the Home for Confederate Women in Richmond. She was not forgotten, and her eulogies did not wait for her death. The Sally Tompkins chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was formed in her honor.

The only woman officer of the Confederate army died in Richmond on July 25, 1916, at the age of 83. She was buried with full military honors.



THE ONCE ILLEGAL

by Standish O'Connor

TAX

Our annual April bane was once declared unconstitutional...

THE April 15, 1959, deadline is still to come, but income tax, like the weather, is always a topic of conversation. "Death and taxes" have for centuries been considered an inevitable combination, but the United States income tax is less than 100 years old. The income tax authorized by the 16th Amendment to the Constitution has been a permanent fixture of Federal finance for only 45 years.

The first income tax was levied in 1861, during Lincoln's first year in office, as an emergency act to help finance the Civil War. It laid a tax of three per cent on annual income in excess of \$800. The next year, the exemption was lowered to \$600, and on incomes exceeding \$10,000 (a fortune in those days) the rate was raised to five per cent.

These assessments continued until 1870, when a bill came before the House to reduce internal revenue. That the tax was unpopular may be inferred from a cartoon of 1870. Entitled "The Financial Inquisition," it pictured President Grant as "the Grand Inquisitor"

and Uncle Sam chained to the floor, five iron weights on his chest, each representing a postwar year of income tax burden. "Associate Inquisitor" John Sherman says: "Well, well, Uncle Sam does stand a good deal of pressure. Executioner, keep piling the weights on." And down comes a sixth, labelled "1870 Income Tax."

In the House, Dennis McCarthy, of New York, moved to strike out the income tax clause altogether. He argued: "This tax is unequal, perjury-provoking, and crime-encouraging, because it is at war with the right of a person to keep private and regulate his business affairs and financial matters."

Jacob Ela, also from New York, disagreed. "I believe the income tax as at present paid is one of the most just taxes laid and affects no person who has not received a net income above the amount required for the reasonable support of a family." McCarthy's motion was defeated 124 to 60.

In the Senate, another New Yorker opposed the income tax feature.

Roscoe Conkling declared, "This tax breeds more jealousy, more discontent, more invidious and odious discrimination and more demoralization . . . than any other tax enforced by law."

Senator John Sherman, Ohio, replied, "The Senator says this tax is unequal, that rogues escape and honest men pay. Is that not so with all taxes in all the States? . . . The income tax is simply an assessment upon a man according to his ability to pay."

The income tax stayed—but only on income over \$2,000 a year, at the reduced rate of two and one-half per cent, and the Act of 1870 limited the tax to two years. As a token compromise with privacy, statements of income were to be kept secret from all but the Internal Revenue Department.

Looking back through early revenue debates in Congress, an income tax was not unthought-of, but it usually was thought of as odious, discriminatory and impossible of enforcement without invasion of privacy—and privacy to our forefathers was almost as dear a right as liberty.

Alexander Hamilton first outlined a system of internal revenue in 1790 when customs receipts proved inadequate. An act along these lines, an excise tax on alcoholic beverages, was passed in 1791. Extremely unpopular, it led to the "Whisky Rebellion."

James Madison, Virginia, reluc-

tantly favored excise on liquor even though he was in general against excise taxes. He "would prefer direct taxation to any excises whatever," but he felt direct taxes were "contrary to the sentiments of the majority of the people."

Theodore Sedgwick, Massachusetts, also claimed direct taxes more objectionable than excise because of public opposition. "They are of all taxes the most unequal, and in this country would be found the most oppressive . . . because, with whatever exactness they may be apportioned upon capital or income . . . they may and will be very unequal as to burden imposed; because a man's ability to pay taxes is not in proportion either to his capital, his property, or his income, but to that part of his income which is over and above his necessary expenses. It may be added that . . . expense of collection would be immense."

Virginia's Jonathan Parker also touched on the collection angle in words that have the ring of prophecy. "It will loose a swarm of harpies, who, under the denomination of revenue officers, will range through the country, prying into every man's house and affairs . . ."

DIRECT vs. indirect taxation was the chief issue when Hamilton wanted more duties laid in 1794, this time on carriages, sales at auction, sugar, snuff and tobacco.

Madison wanted direct taxation, because "excise is the most de-

structive of all resources." Its collection "would depend on the oath of the manufacturer, and this was another term for the multiplication of perjuries. The tax would therefore injure the morals of the people."

A few days later, the foes of excise offered an unsuccessful bill for a direct tax of \$750,000 to be apportioned among the States by population. But it was to be on land not income. In the debates over the land tax, Thomas Sedgwick, who favored it too, pointed out that certain political economists held that all taxes ultimately fell upon land; therefore, those that were imposed on it were direct taxes and taxes levied on other things were indirect.

HOWEVER, Sedgwick made some shrewd observations of his own: he thought that "the ultimate sources of public contributions were labor and the subjects and effects of labor; that taxes, being permanent, had a tendency to equalize and to diffuse themselves through a community. . . . A capitation tax and taxes on land, and on property and income generally, (are) direct charges, as well in the immediate as ultimate sources of contribution. . . .

"On the other hand, a tax imposed on a specific article of personal property, and particularly if objects of luxury . . . the exaction was indeed directly of the owner, but, by the equalizing operation, of which all taxes more or less par-

took, it created an indirect charge on others besides the owners."

Today, Sedgwick's theory is taken for granted. We are accustomed to the "equalizing operation." Custom duties, originally extracted from the profit, are now added to the selling price. So are excises. These pyramid, so that the price of a loaf of bread is said to include about 30 taxes. Direct taxes also are passed along. Personal and corporate income taxes become part of the cost of goods and services and, as such, are passed on to the consumer.

Some financial bloodhound recently tracked the maze of federal, state and local taxes, figuring \$150 total tax on every dollar! And so it goes—now we know where.

On January 29, 1894, about 22 years after the income tax of 1870 had expired, Benton McMillin, Tennessee, offered the House an amendment to the Wilson Tariff Bill then before it. He proposed levying a two per cent tax on income over \$4,000 a year. An income tax, he reasoned, would lift part of the tax burden from the consumer and share it with accumulated wealth. It was not unjust to tax wealth for support of the government that protects it. Furthermore, he said, it would not discourage thrift because of the \$4,000 exemption, and income exceeding that amount would be taxed at a uniform rate.

McMillin's income tax amendment was passed by a vote of 175 to

56 and was sent, as part of the Wilson Tariff Bill, to the Senate, where it was also adopted despite some vigorous opposition. President Cleveland refused to sign the bill, but it went into effect August 28, 1894, without his signature.

BUT on March 7, 1895, the Pollock case, a suit to test the constitutionality of the Federal income tax law, went to the Supreme Court. On April 7, the Court handed down its 6-2 decision: That taxes on income of real estate are direct taxes; that the part of the Act of 1894 that imposed a tax on the rent or income of real estate without apportionment is invalid, because the Constitution requires direct taxes to be apportioned among the several States according to population.

By unanimous concurrence the Court also declared that tax on income derived from municipal bonds was unconstitutional, because it was a tax on the power of the States and their instrumentalities to borrow money.

Encouraged by this victory, William D. Guthrie, of California, who had argued the Pollock Case before the Supreme Court, felt the time was ripe for getting the entire act declared invalid. He appealed for a rehearing. It was granted, and on March 7, 1895, the Supreme Court again convened to consider the case.

Four days later, the Court upheld the income tax law by a 5-4 majority. However, while Chief Jus-

tice Melville Fuller was preparing the dissenting opinion, Justice George Shiras, Jr., in doubt on many points of the case, changed his vote. Shiras' change of mind turned the minority into a majority, and the Court ruled the income tax unconstitutional.

Basis of the decision was that taxes on income from real estate and taxes on bonds, stocks and investments of all kinds were direct taxes not apportioned among the several States and were therefore contrary to Article I, Section 2, Clause 3, of the Constitution. ("Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States . . .")

"This," the decision stated, "would leave the burden of the income tax to be borne by professions, trades, employments, and vocations, and in this way, what was intended as a tax on capital would remain in substance a tax on occupations and labor. We cannot believe that such was the intention of Congress."

So people paid no national income tax for another 18 years. Meanwhile, there was growing agitation for an income tax as a more equitable distribution of the burden of government support than the mounting tariffs, particularly those which protected the profits of giant trusts and were paid by the consumers.

In 1896, William Jennings Bryan, in his unsuccessful presidential

campaign against William McKinley, stood for an income tax. Again in his campaign of 1908, it was written in the Democratic platform: "We favor an income tax as part of our revenue system, and we urge the submission of a constitutional amendment specifically authorizing Congress to levy and collect a tax upon individual and corporate incomes, to the end that wealth may bear its proportionate share of the burdens of the Federal Government." By the following year, the idea had strong bipartisan support.

IN HIS inaugural address March 4, 1909, William Howard Taft announced that he would call Congress into extra session March 15 to revise the Dingley Tariff Act. "In the making of a tariff bill," Taft said, "the prime motive is taxation and the securing thereby of revenue. Should it be impossible to so arrange the duties as to secure an adequate income, I recommend a graduated inheritance tax . . ."

When Congress met, Sereno E. Payne, New York, Republican leader of the House Ways and Means Committee, introduced the Payne Tariff Bill, March 17, 1909. "The country is overwhelmingly in favor of a protective tariff," he claimed, enumerating his tariff proposals to prop up domestic prices on everything from women's gloves to beer, against cheaper imports. For additional income, he said the commit-

tee decided on an inheritance tax, discarding the idea of an income tax because it was unconstitutional and of a tax on corporations' net earnings because they were already paying state and city taxes.

Champ Clark, Missouri, Democratic minority leader, objected, and Payne replied:

"Even if an income tax was constitutional, I would greatly prefer an inheritance tax. There is no denying that an income tax occasions perjury and fraud unlimited . . . (This) cannot apply to an inheritance tax, because . . . the estate goes to the probate court in the State. Everything is done publicly."

The Senate version of the tariff bill—the Aldrich Bill—favored a corporation tax of two per cent. Each house passed its version by narrow margin, and a conference committee of both houses was appointed to write a compromise bill, which became the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill.

Meanwhile, income tax was gaining favor on both sides. It was finally agreed the only way to enact one that the Supreme Court couldn't invalidate was to have the authorization written into the Constitution. On April 27, 1909, Senator Norris Brown, Nebraska, proposed such an amendment.

While the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill was still under discussion, Sen. Nelson W. Aldrich, Rhode Island, Republican leader in the Senate, reported on June 28 a joint resolu-

tion proposing an amendment to the Constitution to be submitted to the States. It read:

"Article XVI. The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States and without regard to any census or enumeration."

CONGRESSMAN PAYNE fought it with arguments 115 years old. "I am utterly opposed to the general policy of an income tax," he said. "I believe with Gladstone that it tends to make a nation of liars; I believe it is the most easily concealed of any tax that can be laid, the most difficult of enforcement, and the hardest to collect; that it is, in a word, a tax upon the income of the honest men and an exemption, to a greater or less extent, of the income of the rascals; and so I am opposed to any income tax whatever in time of peace . . ."

"To my mind," Ollie M. James, Kentucky, countered, "the income tax is the most equitable of all systems of taxation. It is the ideal way to support the Government. Let those who prosper little pay little, for they are least indebted to the Government; let those who prosper more pay more; let those who prosper most pay most . . . for certainly they have been most blessed and are therefore most indebted to the Government . . ."

"Who is prepared to defend, as

just, a system of taxation that requires a hod carrier . . . to pay as much to support this great Republic as John D. Rockefeller, whose fortune is so great that it staggers the imagination. . . ."

Hearing the opposition protest that an income tax would undermine and finally destroy the protective tariff system, Richmond P. Hobson, Alabama, rose to say:

"I believe that this measure is a wise movement in the direction of substituting direct taxation for indirect taxation. A prime advantage of the direct method is that the people know when they are being taxed . . . it enables a people to know *how much* they are being taxed, and only when they have such knowledge can they prevent abuse of the taxing power. . . . One, two, three per cent is considered a sore burden, yet today our people are taxed 10, 20, even 30 per cent and do not know it."

Whereas the protective Payne-Aldrich Tariff (branded by Champ Clark as "reeking with largesse for the few and extortion from the many") barely got through the House by a 195-183 vote, the income tax resolution was passed July 12, 1909, by a vote of 318 to 14. The Senate had previously approved it 77-0.

The 16th Amendment to the Constitution was finally ratified by more than three-fourths of the States Feb. 25, 1913.

And that's how it all began.

SENIOR ACHIEVERS

Chicago finds a way out of "forced retirement"

by Edward Bergstrom

A "RETIRED" clerical worker in her middle sixties moved spiritlessly across her apartment on the south side of Chicago to answer the dreary jangle of her telephone. After you have tried and failed for 27 months to get a job, there is not much to hope for.

"Mrs. Kennedy?" said a kindly voice.

"Yes?" Estelle felt her heart quicken.

"This is Dr. Sonquist at Senior Achievement. We have some statistical work we would like you to help us with. Would you like to come down?"

Senior Achievement! That was the new organization for the employment of able-bodied, nonhandicapped retired people in their sixties and over—just like herself. Well, maybe not quite like herself because she had a little arthritis that had slowed her down some . . . She felt flattered because SA hired people on the basis of background and ability not disability.

She first had learned about the practical-minded new organization with a heart from a newspaper clipping brought home to her by a 65-year-old woman who worked part time in a store. Later, at the Central YMCA building at 19 South La Salle Street, she talked with David E. Sonquist, former Secretary of the national YMCA Council, now Executive Director of Senior Achievement, Inc.

Mrs. Kennedy accepted Dr. Sonquist's invitation to spend the day, but she returned home believing that was the end of it.

But on the day after Dr. Sonquist's hope-restoring phone call, Estelle Kennedy went down to work and has been working since. Her official title is that of Secretary and Bookkeeper for Senior Achievement—at the organization's work center, 1029 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago. This location was established during the latter part of 1955, after initial grants totaling \$30,000 from various local and na-

tional business and industrial firms enabled the organization to equip an office and shops.

WE WERE ABLE to equip a fairly complete woodworking shop," relates Dr. Sonquist, "metal shop, soft goods department and a drafting and engineering department. So far, we actually have been manufacturing some 20 different items and have employed over 50 people. We have been able to secure a number of small assembly jobs as well. . . . With such work we were able to employ greater numbers of unskilled labor, which promises to run to considerable volume."

To handle such an increase, the organization currently is extending this part of its operation to a second and larger location.

Private industry, in helping SA to get off the ground financially, materially endorsed and implemented the need—psychologically and emotionally—of some 600 original applicants for employment.

These applicants, like Mrs. Kennedy, refused to buy the nonsense that a human suddenly becomes worthless, except to vegetate, the minute he passes a certain arbitrary calendar age.

However, SA is not a charity organization. It is nonprofit and hopes to become self-supporting. Meanwhile, firms that provide "nuisance" jobs or subcontract work do so on a purely business basis. They want and rightfully ex-

pect work to be well done because they pay for it, albeit at a low cost to them. Some of the same firms that have lent financial aid to get SA started are now also customers for SA's various skills, services and products. These include the origination of new and ingenious products from drawing board to manufacture.

Marshall Field & Company was approached by 67-year-old Nate C. Weinberg with an idea for a cradle after reading a magazine article which stated no cradles had been manufactured in the U.S. for 42 years. The results of Mr. Weinberg's inspiration and ingenuity may currently be seen on a merchandise floor at Field's.

Other wood products include a TV footrest, an adjustable reading rack or book holder, a hand loom, picture frames, and a circular teeter-totter for playgrounds.

There has been other evidence from SA's woodworking shop also to refute the mistaken notion that persons in their latter years cannot acquire new skills.

Walter W. Wilhelm, for example, formerly a Manufacturing Engineer for the Continental Can Company worked in metals, but now is Shop Superintendent for SA says, ". . . I am in an entirely different field, mostly wood, and I feel very happy about it. . . . When I worked for Continental Can, every day presented a challenge. I have the same thing here.

... It seems that every man has a yen to do something with a piece of wood."

A couple of metal items made by SA—a tie holder and a Bacon Drip Rack—were ideas of Mr. Wilhelm.

The pressure of former years in full-time employment is spared the Senior Achievers, who now work in a youthfully congenial, relaxed, and cooperative atmosphere.

By far the most important function of the SA employment program is to provide a tapering-off or transition period, from driving full-time employment to full inactivity—when and if that becomes necessary.

"I was home for a year," says 70-year-old Myrtle Mahan, a stenographer, "and after a short time of retirement I developed a nervous condition, which the doctor said was the result of a too abrupt change from an active work schedule to inactivity."

In a recent address titled "The Effect of Work Activities on Health" delivered by Dr. Sonquist before the Ninth Annual Conference on Aging, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, SA's Executive Director related: "After studying many reports of State and Federal Committees on Aging, a few of us in Chicago were convinced that most older workers do not want to retire and were not prepared for retirement. We felt that our retired workers constitute the greatest reservoir of unused skills and experi-

ence in the country with a staggering loss of productivity to our nation. The consequent reduction of purchasing power relegated the great mass of our retired persons to the bare necessities of life. . . ."

Referring to nearly 1,000 applicants who now have swamped SA interviewers, he added, "It is wrong to discount the economic needs of most of these people."

NOTWITHSTANDING, a number of Senior Achievers all declared they would come down to work at SA even if they were not paid for it. The *idea* of still being able to earn money for work is perhaps as important to them as the actual money. Of paramount importance is the feeling of still being actively useful.

So extra income won't imperil Social Security benefits, monthly pay for each employee is never more than \$100. Work at the plant is leisurely paced, and most employees put in about four hours a day.

"Another interesting phase of our work," added Dr. Sonquist, "is what we call our 'Out Service' Department. We have found some 200 people experienced in various types of office work who were unable to get jobs. Most employers will not hire these older people because it complicates their pension and insurance plans. They can, however, hire the service, as we have worked out a plan of selling these services to various business concerns who pay us accordingly. We, however,

act as employers and assume Workmen's Compensation and other costs. Our program is in its infancy," Dr. Sonquist then pointed out. However, the "infant" played host during an Open House Week, to several hundred industrial, business and community leaders.

These interested guests were impressed with the project's progress and noted also, on a wall of Dr. Sonquist's office, a copy of the Declaration of Independence.

The framed document bears, in

the lower left hand corner, the name of Polk Brothers, a Chicago store for whom SA has assembled and framed like copies of the historic American document. In the same spirit the Senior Achievers have freed themselves of the idea a person is useless simply because he has reached his 65th birthday.

"At home," grins Shop Superintendent Wilhelm, "I was getting in my wife's way."

Which probably is good a reason as any for going back to work.

THE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN

St. Patrick's Day parades and celebrations have done much to bring to attention the colorful history and proud heritage of Irish descendants here in America. The first St. Patrick's Day parade of which there is an authentic record took place in Boston on March 17, 1737, under the auspices of the Irish Charitable Society, organized by a group of Irishmen of the Protestant faith to keep alive their Irish heritage in the colonies.

On March 17, 1757, a celebration of St. Patrick's Day took place at Ft. William Henry, at that time the northernmost outpost of Great Britain in America. Located at the head of Lake George, the fort's garrison was largely Irish.

In March, 1763, the garrison at Ft. Pitt (Pittsburgh) marched in review as a tribute to St. Patrick. On March 17, 1768, the *Boston Gazette* ran a story on the St. Patrick's Day celebrations around town.

During the Revolution, St. Patrick's Day was enthusiastically observed in the Continental Army. The British evacuated Boston on March 17, 1776 and American troops marched in amid wild celebrating using as the password of the day "St. Patrick." In 1778, during a St. Patrick's Day observance at Valley Forge, Washington stated, "I, too, am a lover of St. Patrick's Day." Meanwhile, a few miles away, in Philadelphia, British troops of Irish descent held their own parade. In New York, celebrations and parades date back to 1762. On March 15th of that year, the *New York Mercury* carried a notice of announcement that "a feast will be celebrated at the house of John Marshall at Mt. Pleasant in observance of St. Patrick's Day."

For the past 75 years St. Patrick's Day parades have been held annually along Fifth Avenue with New Yorkers of all nationalities sprouting shamrocks and joining in the celebrations.

AFTER SEEING Walt Disney's frontier drama, *Old Yeller*, a woman was alleged to have written the producer complaining about the cruelty to the lop-eared mongrel who played the title role. The story of a clumsy range dog who mooches his way into the grudging affections of a Texas frontier family, there is, in the film, a wild fight between the dog and a wolf. It's an unforgettable scene, vicious and violent.

Such letters of complaint from moviegoers are usually forwarded to Dr. Wesley A. Young, director of the five-man Hollywood office of the American Humane Association. Dr. Young, who for more than half of his 60 years has tended animals as a doctor of veterinary medicine and humane worker, reads the scenarios which contain animal action sequences. A potentially cruel situation will be worked out with the producer so that the animal is exposed to no danger, although what appears on the screen may be gory and frightening. In the case of *Old Yeller*, the woman's concern was needless. The "wolf" was a mixed German shepherd. There was only one small scratch suffered in the whole fight because each animal wore a full muzzle, carefully color-matched to its fur.

The guardians of Hollywood's actor-animals hardly have time to fondle their own pets these days. Their steadily increasing work load is the result of booming TV production in the Los Angeles area.

The American Humane Society provides a type of "equity" for Hollywood's animal-actors . . .

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ANIMALS

by Benjamin Adelman

According to Dr. Young, he and his four supervisors put in 1,189 work days in this country, Canada and Mexico during the past fiscal year making sure that television and theatrical productions needing birds, beasts or reptiles did not misuse them in any way. Their humane rule is that no animal must ever be forced to do something not within its natural ability. If an animal has

to fight, jump or take a fall, it must be specially trained for the job.

Before the office's beginning in 1940 there was hardly any guarantee of kindness to movie animals. If a horse had to fall, he was tripped by a wire or he fell into a two-foot-deep pit concealed by brush.

NOT UNTIL A HORSE was drowned after jumping off a cliff in Missouri, on location for *Jesse James*, and animal lovers raised a furore was any action taken to correct such abuses. Since December 1940, when special regulations on cruelty to animals were incorporated into the motion picture production code, Dr. Young's office has been in charge of checking every script involving the use of animals. He or one of his assistants supervises the shooting of any scene requiring an unusual trick, and they will suggest the proper handling of animals acceptable to a humane-minded public. Dr. Young and his men wear no uniforms, carry no guns or badges. The production company feeds and houses them on location. Paid a salary by the humane association alone, they are obligated to no one but the animals. The motion picture code requires that their rulings be accepted.

Today movie horses enjoy a shooting schedule that is the envy of human actors. In movie racing scenes several sets of doubles run a single race. Race horses run an average of three-eighths of a mile

at a time and only three stretches in a working day. After each run, the horse must be given the proper amount of rest according to its individual needs. When the script calls for a closeup after the race, the "sweat" you see is probably a whipped cream mixture put on by a "horse latherer" to give the desired effect.

Furthermore, moviemakers now treat a falling horse in regal style. First the owner trains the animal for the scene for weeks. Then, on the set, studio workers process and soften the ground on which the horse is to fall. They fill the area to over a foot in depth with pulverized earth and sand or sawdust.

There are now about 20 horses in Hollywood who are trained to fall photogenically. At a command these mounts will twist and fall on their left side in the prepared spot. Except for animal stars, they are the highest paid animal actors. They usually net their trainers around \$250 per fall, and sometimes they are called on to perform this lucrative chore several times a week. These figures are cited in case anyone declares that owners are cruel to make horses do such tricks. No horse, hurt while falling, would ever be willing to fall again, and that would end his owner's livelihood.

Trade financial estimates give a fair inkling of the net worth of our animal film favorites. A glamour canine like Lassie earns over \$100,000 a year for his owner Rudd

Weatherwax. Ralph McCutcheon, owner of the black stallion, Fury, absorbs most of the horse's \$500 a week salary, plus \$50,000 a year out of the television show's profits. Rin-Tin-Tin's owner, Lee Duncan, gets \$2,000 a week plus \$300 for handling and maintenance.

WHATEVER MONEY can buy for an animal is bought. The dogs have air conditioned dog houses, the horses elegantly appointed stables. Roy Rogers' Trigger travels in a \$25,000 luxury van. This magnificent trailer contains three padded stalls for horses and kennel space for dogs, and there are also complete living quarters for humans, including a bedroom, wardrobe closets and a stainless steel kitchen.

Lassie is probably the only canine in the entertainment world to possess a specially-built, four-wheeled bed which can be strategically placed close to a working set. The popular star can always be found lounging on his portable bed between stints before the cameras.

No director would argue with the rightness of luxury for these animal actors. Far from animals staging nervous breakdowns on the set, striking for exotic foods, and having love affairs, they are never late, very rarely blow their lines, and are gratifyingly quick to grasp exactly what is wanted of them.

But what actually happens to animals used in the making of motion

pictures? The action of animals in motion pictures as one sees them on the television or neighborhood theatre screen is usually quite different from what actually occurred at the moment of filming.

In Cecil B. DeMille's Bible spectacle, *The Ten Commandments*, a vast array of animals such as horses, donkeys, burros, goats, sheep, kids, lambs, ducks, geese and other creatures are at work. The Red Sea may appear to swallow up great numbers, while others appear to be killed in combat. Again Dr. Young's inspectors were present and the animals were there day by day repeating their performances though supposedly "killed."

A western picture will show a sequence wherein a pack horse appears to slip on a snowy mountain trail and supposedly falls several hundred feet to his death. An inspector witnessed the live horse moving downward 40 inches and remaining on his feet. The snow was set on the studio's lot in temperatures about 80 degrees. By special processes and miniature tie-ins, the dramatic fall will appear on the screen while the horse comfortably munches hay and oats in his stable.

Vicious fight-to-the-death dog fights are made by undercranking the camera. Actually the animals are playfully pawing each other. When the slow-motion action is shown on the screen at normal speed, the animals appear to be fighting.

Jungle films need the least super-

vision and bring the fewest complaints. That's because the wild animals in these pictures just act like themselves in a habitat that's natural to them. About the only restraint is that they have to stalk through lanes marked out by chicken wire covered with underbrush, so the camera can follow them. A chimp swings from tree to tree just as he would in the jungle only he does it under a canvas roof. Chimp actors get a good rubdown from their "masseurs" after strenuous swimming scenes, owing to sluggish blood circulation. The snarling lions, gaping tigers and elephants on the rampage are often stock shots cut out of a jungle travelogue.

"Letters of complaint have settled down to a rather small number because of the intense work the American Humane Association has done through the Hollywood office for the past 17 years . . .," stated Dr. Young.

"Please make it vividly clear,"

continued Dr. Young, "that we invite the comments of all in regard to the humane supervision of animal use, for we want to ease the worries and tensions of moviegoers so they can more completely enjoy the wonderful work of animals in the motion picture industry.

INDEED, no one is perfect. Sometimes we receive complaints about films produced in foreign countries where we have no opportunity to supervise the production. Our services cover the producers from America on productions in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Possibly this article will uncover an angel who would provide the finances to expand this work to other parts . . .

"We do have some cooperation with humane organizations in other parts of the world which we feel will progress into improved working relations for all concerned as time goes on."

(continued from back cover)

Our alliances have become millstones around our necks preventing us from doing what we know is best for our country and our allies. We should begin to disengage ourselves. Our beloved America, once the hope and inspiration of free men everywhere, is becoming the docile milch cow for two-thirds of the world, including even our Communist enemies in Poland and Yugoslavia! We are being sucked dry and left weak by our foreign aid program. And the beneficiaries of our largess are refusing to support us in any crisis, sneering at our vacillation and insulting our emissaries.

Cannot our United States shake itself loose from the coils of U.N. intrigue and entangling alliances? Can we not once again seek to become what we once were, the envy and inspiration of all men everywhere who love liberty and justice, honor and peace.

Cannot our leaders speak again in the thundering tones of past American heroes, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead," or "Pedecaris alive or Rasuli dead!" or "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute!"—Editorial, *Indianapolis Star*.

HEADQUARTERS for LEARNING

The Folger Shakespeare Library is a treasure house for scholars

by Steve Libby

THERE is in Washington, D.C., one of the most unusual institutions in the world, the Folger Shakespeare Library. Administered by the trustees of Amherst College, it is dedicated to research and the advancement of literary and historical scholarship.

Henry Clay Folger, an Amherst graduate, and his wife, Emily Clara Folger, devoted nearly half a century to assembling materials for the library. The couple selected the site, which adjoins the Library of Congress. The cornerstone was laid in May, 1930. The building is embellished with nine bas-reliefs of Shakespearean characters, executed by John Gregory. It is set off with formal landscaping, enlivened by a fountain with a figure of Puck.

The interior of the Library is a place for serious study. The reading room is a version of a great hall of the Tudor-Stuart period. At the east end hang portraits of the founders. Opening off the reading room are steel vaults with temperature and humidity controls to preserve the thousands of volumes, first editions, and manuscripts which are housed there.

In the Library are more than 50,000 manuscripts, many of which throw light on the early social history of England and its colonies.

The large exhibition gallery contains oil paintings, drawings, playbills, and *objets d'art*. Beyond the gallery is the

theater—simulating a public playhouse from Shakespeare's time. The small theater auditorium, seating 260 persons, is used for lecture purposes.

The heart of the Folger Library is its assemblage of sixteenth and seventeenth century books. The Library is an important repository for materials dealing with the history of English civilization from the invention of printing to the eighteenth century.

The Trustees hope eventually to procure every significant book printed before the end of the seventeenth century.

No library in the world has a larger collection of Shakespeare's works. Included are such treasures as the first collected edition of his Dramatic Works printed in 1623; 79 copies of this First Folio are in the Library. The rarest Shakespeare item is a first edition of his first printed play, *Titus Andronicus*, dated 1594. The institution also has countless editions dated 100 to 200 years later.

The precious displays may be seen free of charge by any Library guest any day except Sunday and holidays.

The reading room is open to any serious scholar in pursuit of learning, but there are restrictions. Those wishing to carry on research are required to present proper identification from an academic institution or other acceptable source. No facilities are available to undergraduates, casual readers, or curiosity-seekers.

The Folger Shakespeare Library for advanced study and research is dedicated to the earnest quest of knowledge.

How the Communists were halted for the first time in Asia . . .

Free Vietnam:

MODERN MIRACLE

by Lt. Gen. John W. O'Daniel

ON June 3, 1958, while on a 30-day visit to Free South Vietnam, I traveled to the town of Bac Lien about 100 miles Southeast of Saigon. Together with Vietnamese and American aid officials, I witnessed the transfer of about 240,000 acres of land from the large land-owners to the peasant farmers, the beginning of the land-reform program. The land had been bought by the Vietnamese Government from the large estate owners and was being sold in parcels of about seven acres to the small farmers.

American aid played a big part in making this far-reaching program possible. The Vietnamese had worked out the plans for the land reform in conjunction with our experts and our financial support.

This program will eventually provide some three million Vietnamese with decent livelihoods based on private ownership of the land, giving them a real stake in their future and in their country's independence.

This is but one example of the modern miracle that is taking place in Southeast Asia, in the Republic

of Vietnam, the Free World's outpost on the front lines of the worldwide struggle against Communist Imperialism.

This valiant nation, upon winning its independence in 1954 after a long and bitter struggle, was faced with perhaps the most formidable obstacles ever confronted by a newly-independent nation. These were the staggering roadblocks the Free Vietnamese had to overcome in order to survive:

1. The ravages of an eight-year war between the French colonialists and the Communist-led Viet Minh.

2. The enforced isolation from

Lt. Gen. John W. O'Daniel, U.S. Army (Ret.), is Chairman of the American Friends of Vietnam. An officer in three major wars, his assignments have included the posts of Military Attaché in Moscow (1948-50); Commander of the First Corps in Korea; Commander of the Army of the Pacific (1952-54); and Chief of the U.S. Military Advisory Group in Vietnam (1954-55). In the latter post, he was instrumental in training the first truly national army of Vietnam.

the benefits of modern science and technology imposed by the colonial regime and, earlier, by a traditional Oriental system.

3. The open threat of aggression from the Communist zone in the North, combined with all the techniques of subversion and sabotage which characterize the Communist internal threat to any new nation.

4. The influx of almost one million North Vietnamese refugees who fled to Free Vietnam after the Geneva Conference of 1954. With a population of 11 million in the South, this was equivalent to the United States absorbing the entire population of Canada in less than a year.

5. The armed rebellion of the politico-religious sects who were established under the French regime and whose armies joined in the fight against the Communists but later, through dreams of empire, waged civil war against the new government.

6. The threat of economic disaster as a result of the war; the lack of industry (almost all Vietnam's factories and mines were located in the Communist North); the critical shortage of technicians, administrators and entrepreneurs; and the rapid withdrawal of French capital.

7. The pervading defeatism of the Free World: almost every "expert" predicted the quick demise of the Free Vietnamese Government, which, at the beginning, could only count on the lukewarm support of the United States.

Free Vietnam has, nevertheless, survived — and flourished. How could this miracle have taken place? As one who has had a close, firsthand look during the birth and development of

In its September, 1958 issue, the AMERICAN MERCURY published an article on Vietnam by Mr. Hilaire du Berrier. Many informed anti-Communist readers strongly differed with Mr. du Berrier's conclusions.

In order to place a different viewpoint before our readers, the MERCURY has asked General John W. O'Daniel, chairman of the American Friends of Vietnam, to write an article describing present Vietnam conditions. General "Iron Mike" O'Daniel was the first chief of the United States Military Advisory Assistance Group in Vietnam. He was the President's special emissary during the final weeks of the Indo-Chinese War. He has had profound experience in opposing and learning to understand Communists both in Korea and previously as Military attaché of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow.

Free Vietnam, I am intimately acquainted with the factors that proved decisive. They were:

1. The courage, strength and vitality of the Vietnamese people. Because they had suffered the evils of

Communist terrorism and colonial injustice, their devotion to freedom was alive and meaningful. They had made many sacrifices in gaining their freedom: they were ready to save it from the tyranny of Moscow or Peiping.

2. Of utmost importance to Free Vietnam's survival was the wise, decisive and far-sighted leadership of President Ngo Dinh Diem. It is truly the great fortune of Vietnam and of the entire Free World that during her most critical hour, Free Vietnam has produced such a dynamic leader. Among his people, President Ngo had long been known for his dedication to liberty. As far back as 1932 he resigned from a high government post because the colonial authorities refused to allow him to institute much-needed reforms for his people. He also spurned the overtures of the Japanese occupation army during World War II. But he was equally known for his uncompromising opposition to the Communists, who had imprisoned him and murdered one of his brothers. By themselves, however, President Ngo and the Free Vietnamese could not have survived without the firm and generous support of the United States Government and of the American people.

When Ngo Dinh Diem returned to Vietnam in 1954, his country verged on anarchy. Great as his reputation was for honest nationalism, the shadowy figure of the

Communist leader, Ho Chi Minh, at that time loomed far larger on the Vietnamese scene.

MOREOVER, Ngo Dinh Diem was no great crowd pleaser. By temperament and choice, he could never employ the tools of the demagogue. To this day, his speeches sound more like lectures than orations. Ngo Dinh Diem sternly instructs his people to work harder, reminding them of the realities of the here-and-now, not of the rosy visions of "pie-in-the-sky."

More than any other human being I have met, President Ngo knows his people and his country. For most of his adult life, he has traveled everywhere from the tiny valleys to the high mountains and the broad plateaus. He can even converse with the semi-primitive mountain tribes in their own dialects.

During my most recent visit to Vietnam, one American told me of an incident in which an American engineer presented to President Ngo a comprehensive plan for a new irrigation system in a remote part of Vietnam. The plans had been many months in the making by competent experts. The President studied the plans carefully, reflected for a moment, and pointing to the map, said: "You will have to move the reservoir from this valley to that valley because no rain ever falls in the first one."

"But, Mr. President," said the en-

gineer, "it will save a great deal of time and money to build it in the first valley, which is only a few miles from where you suggest. How can you tell that it does not rain there?"

"I have been there," the President said with just a faint twinkle in his eyes. "Have you?"

"No," said the engineer. "Our plans were drawn from the aerial maps."

"Then go there now," the President said, turning back to his work.

And my American friend told me, "You know, the President was absolutely right. It had not rained in that valley for generations, as our engineer found out when he went there."

THIS IS, to say the least, an extraordinary man. And it took an extraordinary man to meet the challenges presented in the first year of Vietnam's independence.

With stubborn courage Ngo took on the mercenary sects one by one and by early 1956 their power was broken. Where diplomacy and guile were needed, Ngo utilized these techniques. But when the only choice was armed force, he did not hesitate to test his faith in Vietnam's new national army by engaging the armies of the sects in pitched battle.

After Ngo's first major successes against the sects, the United States agreed to aid him directly instead of through the French. In Febru-

ary, 1955, the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group, which I had the honor to command, began assisting in the training of the Vietnamese Army. By the end of the year American aid was supporting Free Vietnam on a major scale, predominantly to build a strong army and to resettle the refugees.

In June of this year, 1958, I saw new recruits during their marksmanship training. Their performance was equal to any I have seen anywhere. Vietnam now has ten well-trained Infantry Divisions, most of whom have passed their combat tests.

But Ngo Dinh Diem did not stop there. Demonstrating his devotion to independence and liberty, Ngo called for a national referendum on October 23rd, 1955, to elect the Chief of State. In Vietnam's first popular free election, Ngo defeated Emperor Bago Dai by a vote of more than 98 to one. Three days later he declared Vietnam a republic and became its first president.

In March, 1956, general elections were held to choose representatives for a National Assembly to draft Vietnam's first constitution, which was promulgated the following October. It was deeply influenced by the Constitution of the United States.

In July, 1956, the famous Geneva "deadline" was to have taken place. Two years before, at the Geneva parley, the participants, with

notable opposition by the Free Vietnamese delegation and the United States, suggested that North and South Vietnam negotiate an agreement to unify the country through general elections. They recommended that the elections take place in July 1956. With firm American support, the Free Vietnamese refused to participate until truly free elections could be carried on in the North, which had a larger population than the South.

As President Ngo consolidated his strength, his popularity began to rise. By 1956, the Communists in conjunction with the military threat of an army several times the size of Free Vietnam's 150,000 man force began to assault Free Vietnam on the diplomatic front with bitter attacks on President Ngo. But gradually the Free World swung behind President Ngo, according him recognition. Even neutralist India and Burma initiated friendly relations with Free Vietnam.

Then the Communists launched a massive economic offensive, coupled with vicious campaigns of propaganda and terror. Enormous sums of Russian and Red Chinese capital were poured into North Vietnam (some estimates are as high as two billion dollars) to make it the "showcase of Communism in Southeast Asia." Together with a campaign of repression and now collectivization, they are building an industrial complex in North Vietnam which is inevitably impressive to most Asians.

President Ngo and the Free Vietnamese, on the other hand, have staked their rule on private initiative. Free enterprise itself is guaranteed in the Vietnamese constitution. In March, 1957, the President took a step historically unprecedented for Asia by announcing a new policy to promote both private enterprise and foreign capital in the Republic of Vietnam. Within a year a whole series of private foreign investments proposals were approved by the Government with capital coming from Japan, France, Nationalist China, the United States and private and public Vietnamese sources.

This approach, as President Ngo himself is the first to admit, is inherently slower than the Communist methods based on force and state control. It is a conscious and difficult choice in favor of more freedom at the expense, at least in the short run, of greater production. But the Free Vietnamese are in a race with their Communist rivals and they cannot afford to get too far behind. Moreover, North Vietnam is far better endowed with minerals and raw materials upon which industrialization could be based. The South is predominantly agricultural but is blessed with an abundance of land and rain so that hunger is not a major problem.

THE strides Free Vietnam has made in the last two years are remarkable. Almost every refugee from the North has been resettled

in a productive job, most in newly-opened lands in the center. American aid has helped to achieve this in less than two years.

Again with the help of American aid, tens of thousands of other Vietnamese from overcrowded regions are being resettled in the Highlands along the Cambodian border. This represents a monumental undertaking upon which President Ngo insisted, again against the advice of most of his close advisers. It is as if the entire American pioneer movement that settled our Western lands were compressed into two or three years. Bulldozers and tractors supplied by ICA are leveling lush forest and jungle areas and, as quickly as the land is ready, families are flown in by the planeload. About 40,000 people have been resettled in these areas in the first year. Another 50,000 are expected to arrive by the end of the second year.

The land reform efforts are being backstopped by government projects to improve methods of farming, animal husbandry and fisheries; by introducing modern marketing and credit facilities; by programs of health, literacy, and other social services. In every way—and I have seen the “before and after” with my own eyes—the lot of the Vietnamese people, more than 80 per cent of whom live by the land, is moving ahead dramatically.

The march forward has not been as rapid in the industrial area

for a variety of reasons. First, the Vietnamese themselves have almost no capital and managerial skills required for such enterprises. Nor do they yet possess the tradition for such long-term investments. Second, they are understandably hesitant concerning investments from France, the most likely source of capital. However, a break-through took place last winter.

Third, our own Government has not made provision for this kind of long-term investment assistance and insists that all industrial enterprises be private, even if no other source of capital is available. Then too, Congress has imposed so many restrictions on the aid program that the men in the field lack the flexibility to move as fast as they should. Congressional regulations often require procedures and standards that are unrealistic for a newly-emerged nation like Free Vietnam. And too often purely economic considerations prevail.

FINALLY, private American capital has not exactly rushed headlong and with bulging pockets to Vietnam. In any case, the Vietnamese still hope to attract capital from the United States, whose citizens are regarded as friends and not as exploiters. Indeed, last November, the Vietnamese signed a series of agreements with the U.S. to guarantee all American private investments there against expropria-

tion and nationalization, war risk and currency freezes.

One serious danger to the steady progress in Vietnam is the recent increase of terrorism and banditry in the outlying areas. There is no question that the Communists are behind these incidents and that Red agents from North Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia are infiltrating across the borders to provide money and arms to bandit groups and a few dissidents. The Communists have even promoted a campaign to regroup the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao sects on a purely military basis. That the Communists have abandoned purely political methods in favor of terrorism and sabotage is a tribute to the success and stability of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime.

A few foreign observers (some with personal axes to grind) have criticized the Ngo Government for not moving fast enough in the civil

liberties area. This indicates an astounding political naïveté when one realizes that Vietnam has almost no tradition of democratic institutions and that four years ago no one would have predicted the survival of the nation. And as President Ngo points out, "We are in a state of war. The Communists have sworn to abolish us and they are massed on our borders." For the time being, President Ngo can afford to take few chances with dissidents who demonstrate that their only interest is personal power and that their loyalties can be bought by the highest bidder.

But above all, in this all-out struggle against the Communist menace, we owe it to ourselves, our children and our neighbors to fight until the battle is won. Free Vietnam, against difficult odds, is doing her part as a gallant ally and the Free World's bulwark in Southeast Asia.

When Caruso Sang for His Supper

Shortly after Enrico Caruso had established himself as the outstanding tenor of the Metropolitan Opera, he opened a large account at New York's old Fifth Avenue Bank. A few days later, en route to a luncheon date with a friend, he stopped by the bank to cash his first check. The paying teller, however, was suspicious and demanded identification.

Caruso reached for his wallet, only to discover that he had left it at his hotel. He explained this to the clerk, but the latter was adamant. Unless he could produce some acceptable identification, the check would not be honored.

Suddenly Caruso stepped back from the window, lifted his eyes and began to sing an aria from *Tosca*. Tellers in other cages stopped work while their customers clustered around the singer. When Caruso finished, there was a spontaneous round of applause. "Here, Mr. Caruso," the embarrassed teller said, shoving the bills through the window. "Please forgive me."

"Forgive you? I thank you, sir," the tenor replied, stuffing the cash in his pocket. "It's good to know that Caruso still has to sing for his supper!"

—JACK MAGUIRE

THE BOOK SHELF

A GREAT AMERICAN

by Harold Lord Varney

WEDEMAYER REPORTS! By Albert C. Wedemeyer. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 498 pp. \$6.00.

WHEN I WAS in China in 1947 and 1948, the mystery of the suppressed Wedemeyer Report hung heavy over every Nanking conversation. Speculation concerning its contents assumed wild and improbable forms. A pro-Communist magazine issued in Shanghai even published a pirated draft of what it claimed was the actual text of the report. This draft, which had wide distribution in China in early 1948, gave an elaborate military plan for the defense of China from the Communists on three successive lines below the Yellow River. There was a plausibility about this hoax which caused many of us to believe that General Wedemeyer's report contained more than it actually did.

In his new book, *Wedemeyer Reports!*, the General has given the full text of this historic document (It was first made public in Mr. Acheson's White Paper in July, 1949). It turns out to be a much more restrained document than popular rumor supposed. It did not advocate direct American military intervention, such as Mr. Truman himself later launched in Communist-threatened Greece. It pro-

posed to repair the damages to Nationalist Chinese military power resulting from Gen. Marshall's embargo policy by selling needed parts and munitions to Nanking. It proposed the completion of the Eight and one-half Air Group Program which the Truman Administration had commenced and discontinued. Its most sensational recommendation was a UN Trusteeship over Manchuria, whose cities were then still in Nationalist hands.

That such a moderate program of proposed help should have been locked away sternly out of sight by Secretary of State Marshall demonstrates the extent of the pro-Communist dementia that still gripped Washington at that time. A former Marshall intimate himself, Wedemeyer ticks off the harm that Marshall did during the decisive period of the civil war in China:

By equating democracy with willingness to collaborate with Communists, and by castigating as reactionaries those who believed that "cooperation by the Chinese Communist Party in the government was inconceivable and that only force could settle the issue," General Marshall had positively encouraged the liberals to go over to the Communist side, or at least support it

against the Nationalist Government.

It is now clear that the Lattimore-Vincent-Service clique which then controlled Far East decisions at the State Department, and won Marshall over to their side in 1946, was so curdled with hate of Chiang Kai-shek that they were already reconciled to a Communist victory, at least in North China. Wedemeyer's recommendations, if implemented, would have helped Chiang stop the Communists. By abandoning American neutrality in favor of open support of the Nationalist cause, they would have halted the erosion of national morale which was the real cause of the Communist victory two years later.

An interesting incident which the author recounts is his misunderstood speech of criticism to Chinese military and government officials in Nanking just before his departure. The speech was seized upon by the whole anti-Chiang clique as an American repudiation of the hard-pressed Chiang. Wedemeyer now admits that the speech was a mistake. What he reveals for the first time is that he delivered the speech with misgivings at the insistence of American Ambassador J. Leighton Stuart, Marshall's hand-picked selection as ambassador.

This is an honest book—a book in

which General Wedemeyer spares neither himself nor others for the mistakes which have lost mainland China. He admits that he came to Chungking in 1944 as Vinegar Joe Stilwell's successor with a strong mental slant toward Stilwell's anti-Chiang position. He quickly changed his mind, when exposed to China realities. "I had no illusions concerning them (the Communists)," he writes. "I never believed with Stilwell that the Communists were China's last best hope."

The bulk of the book is taken up with the story of Wedemeyer's participation in the planning of the European and North African war as a member of the War Plans Division, under the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was here that his demonstrated ability brought about his quick rise from Major to three star General in less than three years. It was a great personal sacrifice to Wedemeyer to accept his China assignment and to step into the full range of the "Liberal" smearguns. In the end, it meant the close of his military career at an age when he still had years of service to give to the Army. General Wedemeyer will make many new enemies by writing this book. But his whole past career has shown that he has never shrunk from the risk of enmity or calumny when he knew that his cause was right.

WHERE PSYCHOANALYSIS FAILED

by Brad Lee

ANDREW. By Kenneth Flagg. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 192 pp. \$3.00.

WHEN ONE SEES a movie, play or television show or reads a novel about psychoanalysis he can

usually expect an all-out glorification of the subject. In most instances he sees the spectacle of a neurotic and exceptional character who has permitted himself to be hypnotically induced to pour forth a mess of emotional garbage on the psychiatric couch, at \$25.00 a clip. In return, he receives heaps of Freudian jargon explaining that he is a bundle of neuroses, complexes, obsessions, and compulsions.

In all likelihood, he is also warned that a cure, if any, is in the distant future, and he may wish to stop now. Somehow this negative sales pitch always works, and the victim returns again and again, sometimes two and three times a week for a period of two or three years. But Hollywood and Broadway always manage to have the hero emerge triumphant from the analyst's couch, and Freud, as usual, is again sanctified, as the implication is clear that psychoanalysis has been the cure for the patient's emotional stresses.

Kenneth Flagg, a pseudonym for a practicing physician, has dared to write a novel showing that the neurotic's emotional problems do not find their solution on the psychiatric couch. Instead, he takes a rather unconventional approach, pointing out that such old-fashioned traits as true insight and healthy adjustment are

often achieved outside of psychiatry.

Mr. Flagg's 20-year-old hero, Andrew Wyman, is a "crazy mixed up kid" to say the least. His feeling of rejection by his parents, particularly his mother, is genuine. His bringing up has been no help—governesses, boarding schools, always away from home. The reader learns early in the book that Andrew has been getting nowhere after two years of psychoanalysis. The author implies that Andrew's solution will be found in his ability to face the unpleasant realities of his life. This opportunity presents itself when he reluctantly leaves his Colorado college to attend his mother's funeral in New York.

During these vital few days much of his past life and family background is unveiled before him. He learns much about his mother, a beautiful but promiscuous actress. What he hears casts a serious doubt that Joel Wyman, his supposed father, is his actual parent. From this point the book mounts in suspense as the reader is kept constantly guessing about the identity of the real father. Andrew's search is ultimately satisfying, but not without many surprises.

Mr. Flagg has told his story with an emotional pace that leaves the reader with a sense that he has had a rewarding reading experience.

A PLUNGE INTO CORRUPTION

THE VISITORS. By Mary McMinnies. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 576 pp. \$4.95.

MARY MCMINNIES has marred an otherwise fascinating book by some of the sloppiest writing that has been seen in print since James Jones.

Her style is alive but it is hobbled throughout by labyrinthal sentences, tortuous stream of consciousness paragraphs which lengthen into pages, and tedious recounting of the minutiae of daily experience. Throughout, one has the impression that the author has shamefully scanted her rewrite duties.

But with all these handicaps, the book which emerges is a slice of recognizable life. She sets down her characters in "Slavonia," an Iron Curtain country which bears a curious resemblance to Poland, Larry Purdoe, whose story Miss McMinnies tells, is a British cultural ambassador, assigned to Grusnov, a city strikingly resembling Krakow. But the novel is actually about Millie, his pretty thirtyish wife, whose stupidly disloyal actions eventually bring him to disaster. Along the way, the author has assembled a cast of some of the most repulsive women ever put upon paper.

Perhaps the most shocking feature of the book is the picture which the author draws of moral degradation among the survivors of the old pre-Communist regime. Like most cultural ambassadors, American as well as British, the Purdoes live in Slavonia in a little cocoon-world of their own in which they meet only other Westerners and the usual retinue of spying servants and stealthy non-Communist acquaintances. The disillusioning thing is that the non-Communists are not concerned, in the author's pages, with resistance to Communism but with black market schemes to make a living. An ignoble group of such de-

cadents draws the shallow, luxury-loving Millie into their net, and through her blundering, she ruins her husband's career.

The weakness of the book is that, nowhere, does it introduce the reader to the Communist elite who dominate the country. The author has delimited her book to a portrayal of the unnatural life of the Westerners who are tolerated behind the Iron Curtain. Within these limits, *The Visitors* focuses upon the unsavory life abroad of our cultural ambassadors. Perhaps the most precious chapter in the book is the portrayal of the cocktail party given by American USIA functionaries (of course, outside fiction, the USIA would not be tolerated behind the Iron Curtain). Miss McMinnies has magically conveyed all the phoniness, the malice and the insufferable boredom of such get-togethers of our overseas bureaucrats. It is plain that she has suffered at many such alcoholic talk-fests.

As a picture of the degradation of life under Communism, the book is full of interesting facets. As a revelation of how our cultural ambassadors spend their highly-compensated time while at their posts, *The Visitors* has verisimilitude.—H. L. V.

HOW THEY WARP YOUNG MINDS

by Rev. Leopold Braun, A. A.

BRAIN WASHING IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS. By E. Merrill Root. Devin-Adair, New York. 278 pp., \$4.50.

PROFESSOR ROOT's documented exposé of subversive trends in the field of history teaching arrests the reader's attention from the first to the last infor-

mative chapter. Observing with alarm the moral breakdown in Korea of numerous American prisoners of war unable to resist brainwashing at the hands of their captors, one is reminded of the Bible warning in Matthew, 7:20: "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Unquestionably

this applies to some current writers of American history. Eleven of these are examined and named with excerpts supporting the author's charges.

Prof. Root demonstrates by A plus B, quoting an abundance of texts, that the majority of history manuals used in our schools are based on what is called "economic determinism." The author establishes beyond doubt that American teaching of history is strongly slanted. "The authors whom we have been discussing," writes Prof. Root, "have drawn a caricature of America."

Judging from numerous quoted passages, one is prompted to believe that the philosophy of these texts is Moscow-inspired. American teenagers are taught more what is *wrong* with their country, than what is right.

This reviewer, with more than a decade of experience in Soviet Russia, observing the ravages of Marxist education, sees no great difference between the materialistic trend of the Red system and the ideas planted in the minds of our youth by subversive educators in America. Prof. Root denounces the lack of patriotism in these authors, laying bare the utterly false charge or insinuation that America is engaged in imperialism.

In the 11 cited texts, such events of contemporary times as the genesis of Pearl Harbor, the China debacle, the Bonus Marchers, and the Stalin-Hitler alliance are given slanted interpretations, all fitting into the Moscow

line. As to treason and sabotage affecting our national security, Prof. Root shows how these texts water down the irrefutable evidence of their existence. "Bragdon and McCutchen are at their worst in discussing this matter," writes Prof. Root. Addressing himself to his readers he asks: "Isn't it important for students to know who the traitors were who passed the secrets of life and death over to a ruthless enemy of the United States?" For this reason, complains the author, students are prevented from seeing history as it is.

A signal contribution to the American public in this book is the precise and clear-minded analysis and exposé of the general tendency of these manuals to stamp out the individual to the advantage of an impersonal collectivity. The process of de-emphasizing glorious events of our past history and of strait-jacketing the individual to collective conformism is depicted with authority.

Prof. Root gives his reading audience the immense advantage of a mind trained in the noble art of teaching. Reading this book is somewhat like going to a conscientious doctor to be told what is substantially wrong with one's organism. He puts his finger on a national intellectual illness undermining our entire American way of life. Besides a sure diagnosis, we are indebted to the author for the remedies indicated in a wholesome terminating chapter.

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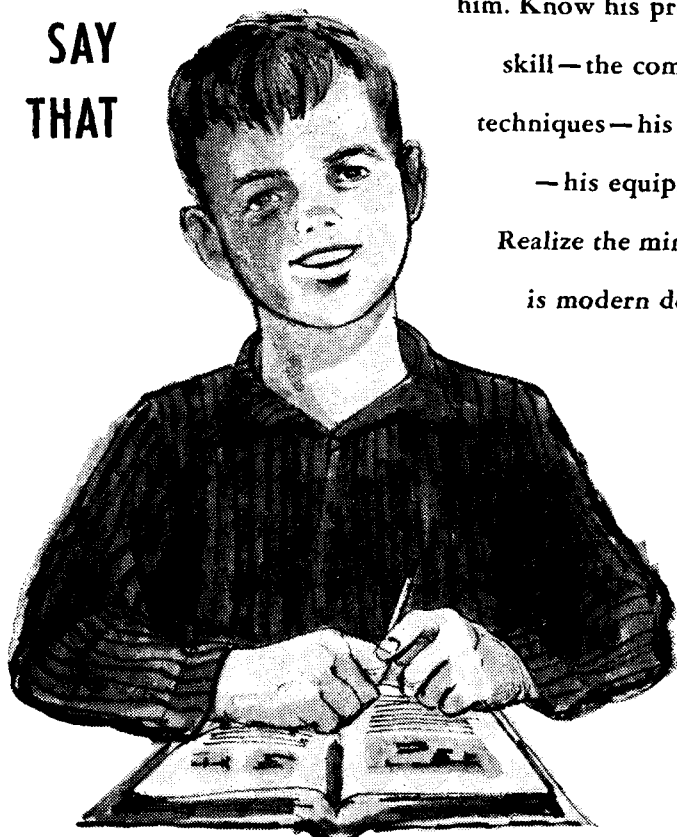
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